



95c

445-00559-095

SCIENCE CANNOT EXPLAIN IT—
DEATH CANNOT STOP IT—
and
TIME IS POWERLESS AGAINST

PSYCHIC TRAVEL

BY CHRISTOPHER DANE

A compelling look into an
unexplored world whose rules defy
all the known laws of man...

THESE THINGS HAVE REALLY HAPPENED!

- A woman in a hospital room visited the world beyond death and returned with a startling physical description of what she learned.
- A researcher in South America discovered a mysterious ancient Indian drug that allowed him to leave his body and go where he willed.
- A famous 19th-century figure so mastered the art of astral travel that he could perform this amazing feat on command and give proof positive of where he had been.
- A young woman in France actually conducted passionate love affairs outside of her body.
- A man was cleared by a jury of a serious charge when he showed in court that he had been on an astral journey far from the scene of the crime.

These are but a few of the extraordinary examples of astral travel reported on in this landmark book. Here is a work that stills all doubts about the power of the soul to transcend the flesh. Here is a book that provides new and inspiring proof that there is life after death. Here is one of the truly important volumes of our time.

PSYCHIC TRAVEL

BY CHRISTOPHER DANE

POPULAR LIBRARY • NEW YORK

All POPULAR LIBRARY books are carefully selected by the POPULAR LIBRARY Editorial Board and represent titles by the world's greatest authors.

POPULAR LIBRARY EDITION

Copyright © 1974 by Eugene Olson

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

All Rights Reserved

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF A WOMAN WHO "DIED"

"I know what a beautiful life is waiting for us when we end our present life. I don't fear it. I'm not in a hurry to go there, but I know it is something to look forward to."

These words were spoken by Mrs. Patricia Arliss, and she feels she has had the experience to back them up.

In January, 1944, Queen Elizabeth Hospital in Birmingham, England, opened its operating-room doors to Mrs. Arliss to have a cancerous growth removed from her stomach. The operation was listed as very risky as it involved cutting away much of the stomach; but it was necessary. Sometime during the six-hour operation Mrs. Arliss became convinced that she had died.

"I felt myself suddenly floating above the operating table, looking down at the team of able men and women working over my body," she said. Her pain was gone and she felt marvelously at peace.

Mrs. Arliss was at this point "walking through space" without registering any feelings.

The next thing she knew, she was walking along a road but she could not feel her feet touching the

ground. Double wrought-iron gates impeded her progress. Mrs. Arliss could see someone looking at her through the gates, so she simply passed through them.

On the other side it was light; there were green grass, flowers—and there was Mrs. Arliss' mother, Mrs. Anne Solomons—who had passed away in 1941 at the age of 64. Just before Mrs. Solomons died she had been forced to have her left leg amputated due to gangrene. Yet, when her daughter saw her now, she had both of her legs and appeared to be several years younger.

"I walked up to her, and she held up her hand," Mrs. Arliss remembers. "I stopped. She shook her head from side to side and said, 'Not yet, not yet.' Then I couldn't see my mother anymore. I felt myself floating back through darkness. The next day I woke up in my hospital bed."

Mrs. Arliss spoke with a nurse who had been in the operating room with her who confirmed Mrs. Arliss' strong conviction that she had, actually, been dead. Her heart had stopped, and in the minutes before its beat could be stimulated back into action she had been technically dead.

Mrs. Arliss firmly believes that she made a short visit to the afterlife, and it has affected the remainder of her life on this planet.

"I have never feared the thought of dying since then," she reports. "Before my strange but wonderful experience with the world beyond I had only feelings of fear and dread concerning death. But all that has changed for me. The fear is gone and in its place is a feeling that life after death is pleasant and something that I can now look forward to with calm anticipation."

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A GHOST

It was early in the summer of 1965 that Lynda Houston developed her strong interest in astral projection. Fascinated, she read book after book purporting to teach the reader techniques by which he could temporarily shed his mortal shell of clay.

On the night of July 7, Lynda went to bed early, resolved at last to put her studies into action. She concentrated on the house of a nearby neighbor, having decided to appear seated on the couch in their living room.

Lynda found that she could effect the projection all right, but she had difficulty controlling it. She arrived in the living room, but could not find her neighbors so she started to climb the stairs in search of them. As she did so, she found that areas around her were becoming darker. She knew she was losing control of her astral body. She described a sensation of something holding her back, ". . . as happens in dreams when one tries to run, but remains rooted in one spot . . . feeling terribly threatened."

It was at this point that Lynda saw a "tall, emaciated man" approaching her.

"I saw him not in the colors of life but in shades of brown. He seemed to have bushy eyebrows and hair and the skin over his prominent cheekbones was deeply wrinkled." She was able to observe carefully his short, angular chin that tilted up towards his nose, and his mouth that was "heavily drawn down at the corners."

As the man reached the top of the stairs he seemed to Lynda to grow taller, while at the same time she became progressively smaller and weaker. Then he stood over her, "his hands on his hips, looking down in disgust." Standing beneath his withering glare, Lynda knew that she must somehow manage to return to her home and to her body, but she could not seem to control her spirit self. For a few terrible, panicky moments, Lynda feared she would not be able to leave—then at last she rose from her own bed, securely back in her body, out of range of the man's glaring eyes.

The next morning Lynda was paid a visit by her neighbor, who had a story to tell about the frightening experience she had had on the preceding night. She and her husband had been upstairs in their bedroom. Her husband had fallen asleep and she arose to turn off the television set. Before she could return to her bed, however, she was suddenly overtaken by a terrible fear. She knew, in words she could not describe, that there was someone out in the hall, but she was afraid to leave the bedroom to investigate.

When the two women compared approximate times, they learned that Lynda's projection had taken place at exactly the same time that her neighbor had been consumed by her fear.

Later, the neighbor's husband completed the story by asking if Lynda had ever met Mr. Spiby, the builder of the house in which they lived. When Lynda implied that she had not, her neighbor rummaged through a number of old papers and produced a snapshot of Mr. Spiby.

"Until I saw that photograph," Lynda Houston wrote, "I was ready to shrug off as coincidence what had happened to my neighbor and me. But the photograph was a likeness I knew I wouldn't soon forget. I had seen Mr. Spiby before—in his own house while on my mental 'journey'. . . ."

While experimenting with out-of-body techniques, it would appear that Lynda Houston had encountered the spirit of a man who had been dead for twenty-three years!

THE STAR ROVER

Astral projection is most apt to occur in times of stress—pain, injury, accident, danger—when there is a psychological or physiological need for it. Astral projection, as with the *psi* factor in general, occurs when the normal sensory channels are insufficient to deal with specific crisis conditions; when *something extra* is needed to pull the individual through the trauma.

The case of Ed Morrell is a classic example of out-of-body projection in a crisis situation. For four years Ed Morrell was a convict at a state prison in Arizona. During this time he endured heinous torture at the hands of the prison's sadistic guards, who sought to break the man's spirit by any means necessary.

Morrell had managed to resist the petty harassment and minor tortures of the brutal guards, so they decided to subject him to what the other inmates called "the bloody strait jacket."

This grim device had been put to use by the guards in imitation of a more primitive means of torture. The prisoner was trussed up in two tightly-laced jackets, then had water poured over him. The strait jackets

would slowly shrink, making the prisoner feel that he was being inexorably squeezed to death.

Morrell was in isolation; his cell a dark, windowless, underground dungeon. There was no possible access to the outside world, yet everytime the guards laced him into this torturous device, his mind was able to soar beyond the petty confines of prison walls and tortured body.

Usually he experienced intense pain for a half hour while the jackets slowly tightened. His eyes felt they were being forced from their sockets, the cords on his neck stood out in mute testimony to the excruciating torment. Then his body would be suffused with an ineffable peace: he was oblivious to his body.

Then Morrell was aware of himself somewhere outside and above his physical body. No dimension of space or of time could hold him; Morrell was a magnificently free man.

Ed Morrell's journeys took him back in time to what appeared to be his own past incarnations on earth. They took him around the country where he could observe the lives of people who later became his friends. Once he found himself watching the young woman who was, eventually, to become his wife.

Morrell had numerous experiences in which he obtained information which was later substantiated by persons whose honesty was above reproach. He witnessed a sea tragedy which was verified, and he even projected himself to the office of the governor of Arizona where he predicted the exact hour and date of his release.

Ed Morrell's strange ability infuriated his guards into more brutal actions. Repeatedly, they would en-

case his body in the viselike garments only to return and find their prisoner sleeping soundly. Only the whitish foam flecking his lips gave evidence that Morrell was not in peaceful slumber.

Goaded by their apparent failure, the guards determined to keep Ed Morrell in the shrinking jackets for days. He was once left in the canvas vises for five days before the guards reluctantly rolled his bruised and battered body out of the jacket and onto the cold bare stones of the prison floor.

Once they had gone and Morrell was again alone, his essential self would return to his body. Awareness of his immediate surroundings would again flood his brain and pain again invaded his being.

The story of this remarkable man has often been told. It was described at length by Jack London in his book *The Star Rover*.

It is interesting to note that while there are persons who can project at will, Morrell was not able to do so. On those days when left to himself, free from abuse, he frequently tried to project himself out of his miserable cell. But each time he was unsuccessful. It would seem as though he had to experience what Jack London called the "little death" before his body could escape the physical barriers of time and space.

Ed Morrell was able to free himself from the pain of a physical torture his body could not of itself escape. *Something extra* was needed, and he was fortunate to discover that extra something. With this remarkable paranormal ability, Ed Morrell was able to endure four, otherwise impossible, years of imprisonment and torture.

HELP FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION

A most intriguing case of out-of-body travel was reported by Hereward Carrington and Sylvan Muldoon in their book *The Phenomenon of Astral Projection*. Percy Cole of Melbourne, Australia, sent them an account of his meeting with spirit guides during an astral projection occurring while he was having some teeth extracted.

Cole's out-of-body experience was preceded by a dream in which he had seen a doctor and a nun dressed in army uniforms. Cole, a pharmacist, sensed that the nun was handing him a prescription, but which he was unable to read. Then he looked at the doctor to ask for clarification. The physician told him that the paper meant he had "mitral regurgitation."

When Cole awakened he could not shake the strange memory from his mind. The more he thought about it, the more he interpreted the presence of the nun and the doctor as some kind of warning. Cole had already scheduled an appointment with a dentist to have several teeth extracted, but now he decided he

would be wise to undergo a complete physical examination before reporting to the dentist.

He had been visiting the same doctor for years, and normally would have made his appointment with this man, but for some reason he found himself mounting the steps to the office of a doctor named Bender. Dr. Bender examined Cole thoroughly and located a slight heart murmur. He assured his patient that it was nothing with which to concern himself seriously. Cole then informed the doctor of his upcoming dental surgery and asked if Dr. Bender would administer the anesthetic. Dr. Bender agreed and the operation was scheduled when everyone was ready.

Three weeks later, Cole lay on the operating table while Dr. Bender stood by with the ether. Dr. H. N. Johnson, the dentist, stood ready to pull the specified teeth. At first, Cole felt himself fighting the anesthetic, then he let himself go.

"When I awoke again," Cole wrote, "I was standing in the corner of the room, near the doorway, with two other people whom I at once recognized."

One was the nun and the other was the spirit doctor, Cole said, but this time he was not dreaming. He could see his physical body lying on the operating table, and, as is so often reported in these cases, he experienced no particular identification with the body. The doctor and the dentist were engrossed in their work.

Cole turned to the nun as she began to speak to him, severely berating him for submitting to the general anesthetic. "*We appeared before you to warn you that you have mitral regurgitation. Why did you choose to ignore us?*"

In defense of his actions, Cole, pointed out that he had gone to see Dr. Bender, who had told him that his heart was all right.

"*We sent you to Dr. Bender,*" the nun explained. "Dr. Bender is a man of immense physical vitality which we are drawing upon at this very moment to keep you alive. If you had your regular doctor administer the ether, quite frankly, you would not have survived this surgery. Your normal doctor is too fragile."

"Your heart trouble is masked," the spirit doctor informed him. "We had hoped that Dr. Bender would find it, but it was too late. What the sister says is true. Dr. Bender's strength is now required to pull you through this operation, for with your regular doctor there would have been no doubt of the outcome."

Cole experienced the same emotions regarding his physical body as are so often quoted in studies of astral projection.

"I had no feeling of alarm, but was quite calm and detached. I could 'hear' the thoughts of the doctor and dentist before they were actually spoken, so that the spoken word seemed like an echo."

As the operation got under way, both men were discussing real-estate values. Things were progressing normally when Cole noticed Dr. Bender start and stare anxiously at his patient lying on the table. Cole had stopped breathing.

Cole could not explain how, but somehow he managed to make his chest lift in his physical body.

"You will have to go back now," the nun then told him. "We have done all we can do for you. You will have to fight for yourself now."

Cole looked around and saw a bright light to his

left, and on his right a dark tunnel with swirling shadows and a small light at its far end. "I struggled instinctively for it, while shadows rushed past me . . . It seemed a long time before I managed to reach the light at the end . . . then I was physically awake again."

While recovering from his near-fatal operation, Cole had a chance to question both doctors about their conversation and the events of the operation. Both registered surprise, but admitted that Cole had repeated their dialogue almost word for word. He also detailed accurately the order of events surrounding his surgery, though he had then been under the general anesthetic.

It was not until some months later, however, that Cole was able to see a prominent heart specialist. Under his thorough examination it was discovered that the beat of Cole's heart was masked by a portion of his lung, which overlapped it.

"This, at least partially, confirmed what the spirit nun told me while I was out of the body," Cole concluded.

ASTRAL TRAVEL IN WAR

It was August 23, 1944, and an armored-car officer was riding in a car that was transporting explosives. Within minutes he was to experience a demonstration to prove to him the survival of the soul after death.

The armored car was hit directly by a German anti-tank gun, and the explosives it carried split the car apart like a log. The officer was flung nearly twenty-five feet from the car and over a five-foot hedge.

According to the officer (*Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, Vol. 34): "I was conscious of being two persons—one lying on the ground in a field where I had fallen from the blast, my clothes on fire, waving my limbs about wildly, at the same time uttering moans and gibbering with fear. The other 'me' was floating up in the air, about twenty feet from the ground, from which position I could see not only my other self on the ground, but also the hedge, the road, and the car, which was surrounded by smoke and burning fiercely."

The officer's essential self told the physical body

that it was useless to thrash about and babble. With an effort of will, he impressed upon his body that it should roll over and over until the flames were put out. Then, like a marionette, its strings controlled from above, the body rolled until it fell into a puddle of water in a ditch beneath the hedge. The flames were extinguished and, at that moment, the officer and his body became one again.

"Of course the aerial viewpoint can be explained up to a point as a 'photograph' taken subconsciously as I was passing over the hedge as a result of the blast," the officer theorized. "This, however, does *not* explain the fact that I saw 'myself' quite clearly on the ground and for what seemed a long time, though it could not have been more than a minute or so."

Ernest Hemingway, noted author, had an out-of-body experience of his own while serving in the trenches near Fossalta. It was July 8, 1918, near midnight when the 19-year-old Hemingway was badly wounded in the legs by a mortar shell exploding near by.

Hemingway related later to Guy Hickok, a European correspondent for the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, that he had experienced death at that moment. He had felt his soul coming out of his body "... like you'd pull a silk handkerchief out of a pocket by one corner. It flew around and then came back and went in again and I wasn't dead anymore."

Hemingway later made use of this personal experience in *A Farewell to Arms*, when his fictional hero Frederick Henry experienced the same sensation.

The hero also is positioned in the Italian trenches when "... a blast-furnace door is swung open, and a

roar that started white and went red and on and on in rushing wind." Henry feels his essence rush out of himself and soar with the wind. He believes himself to be dead and realizes that there is an existence beyond physical death. Then "... instead of going on, I felt myself slide back. I breathed and I was back."

THE HUNGER STRIKE THAT PRODUCED OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE

Frances Simpson was a very sick girl in April of 1955. During her convalescence she decided to go on a diet consisting exclusively of oranges in an attempt to cleanse her body of the last vestiges of her illness.

On the sixth day of this diet Frances noticed that her hearing, vision, and sense of smell were becoming quite acute. She felt a joy within her that she could only describe as wonderful and was feeling giddy with a new life as if she had been reborn.

One night as she was sleeping with her mother, Frances awoke frightened. She was somewhere near the ceiling of the bedroom—and she was falling. An instant later Frances plopped back down on the bed, landing partly on her mother.

"What are you trying to do?" her mother gasped. "I feel like the wind was knocked out of me."

Frances was lying in puzzlement upon the bed. She realized that she was cold and that the covers were off her. "I don't know," she replied, bewildered. "I felt myself falling . . . I hit you . . . Ouch! My knee hurts."

Mrs. Simpson rose to turn on the light while Frances examined her knee. The right side was bleeding slightly and there were scrape marks on it.

"How could that have happened?" Mrs. Simpson wondered. It seemed impossible for Frances to have sustained such an injury in bed or anywhere in the room. Mother and daughter both raised their eyes to the ceiling.

There was only one possible place where Frances could have scraped her knee and that was the ceiling, which had a rough coating of plaster. But how did she get up there? Could it have been levitation? Or could it be that the psychics tell us rightly when they say that an injury incurred in the astral body will manifest correspondingly on the physical body?

INVENTIONS THAT COME FROM ANOTHER WORLD

It is said by those who claim to have traveled to what they call the astral plane that there is a great hall there, wherein prototypes of every earthly invention exist—past, present and future. These inventions are kept safely in the astral world until earthly progress is ready for them. Then, it is said, the ideas for these inventions are leaked down in the form of inspiration, insight and dreams.

It has been established by parapsychologists that psychism occurs most naturally and most often in dreams. During the day one has all kinds of conscious controls obstructing the normal production of *psi*, but in sleep these controls are less effective. The unconscious reigns supreme in the sleep world and has far fewer biases against psychic phenomena.

Telepathic contact has been tested and proven between two sleeping subjects; and clairvoyance manifests and prophetic dreams are almost commonplace. As might be expected, the phenomenon of out-of-body travel is no less a stranger to these nocturnal manifestations.

Astral travel seems to occur most frequently in a sleep or near-sleep state, in crisis situations, and at times of accident or injury. Most of the time, people do not remember their out-of-body experiences while asleep. The experience is usually translated into the symbology of dreaming, so that while one might not remember being out of the body, he may remember a dream of flying, of being transported mysteriously from one place to another. Or, as with the above theory of inventions, the dreamer may project to the astral plane and come back with no other memory than an idea for a revolutionary piece of machinery.

In the early days of the British gas industry the problem of how to measure accurately the amount of gas used by consumers was a serious one. Sir Charles V. Boys, an inventor, found the solution. At a meeting of the Imperial College of Science, in Kensington, Sir Charles demonstrated the first foolproof gas meter. The details for the machine, Sir Charles explained, had come to him in a dream. Upon awakening one morning, he found himself in possession of a mental blueprint for the complex mechanism.

In 1840, Elias Howe, an American inventor, went to sleep plagued by his financial difficulties. That night he had a nightmare in which cannibals surrounded him, jabbing at him with sharp-pointed spears. He fought them off valiantly, but to no avail. Just as the end was near, though, he noticed that each of the cannibals' spears had a hole near its point.

At that instant Elias Howe awoke, his mind still flooded with images of those pierced spear points. Immediately, Howe realized that his dream had supplied him with an idea for designing a needle that would

vastly improve the crude sewing machines of his day. He went to work on the idea, and before long, he had invented the sewing machine as we know it today.

In another instance, an insomniac's dream literally became a dream come true.

In one of America's largest stores there is a department known popularly as the "Sleep Shop." This department caters exclusively to insomniacs and is stocked with an incredible number of gadgets designed to soothe the furrowed brows of frustrated sleepers. There are lamps that fade out as the user falls asleep, anti-snore devices, "Jack Sprat" beds (one half of the mattress hard and the other soft), a "lullaphone," which imitates the soft sounds of a breeze lightly rustling through trees, and so forth.

This highly successful department owes its existence to a dream. One of the store's employees, himself a sleepless sufferer, had one night dreamed of just such a shop, where sleeping aids could be bought.

The employee decided, upon awakening, that the idea had great possibilities. He approached the management with the idea, and in a matter of weeks, the department was organized and stocked with more than 600 sleep-inducing aids. In a remarkably short time more than 100,000 insomniacs had patronized the store.

For many years the billiard companies were plagued with a specific problem. They could not find a device that would enable them to make perfect billiard balls out of ivory. Among the many working on this problem was John Carter, a member of an old, established London firm of ivory craftsmen. Carter had tried innumerable schemes, but was each time defeated

by his inability to create a knife suitably shaped to cut a perfect sphere from the ivory without a lot of waste.

"I've got it!" he cried one night, aroused from slumber. Hastily jumping out of bed and thoroughly startling his wife, Carter sped downstairs to his study where he quickly made a few rough sketches of the knife blade revealed to him in a dream. This dream-knife, translated into reality, proved the perfect tool for the job.

In 1950, a painter living in San Diego had a dream in which he "saw" a simple device that could greatly improve window-frame construction. Using the plans revealed in his dream, he quickly made the device, which was so efficient that he took out a patent for his gadget and saw near-immediate financial success.

David Parkinson, an employee of the Bell Telephone Laboratory, had a dream that directly aided the Allies' victory in the Second World War. In 1940, Parkinson had a detailed dream of an anti-aircraft gun that was controlled electrically. The need for this gun was undisputed as the German Luftwaffe was daily increasing its air strikes.

Parkinson immediately transferred his dream to the drawing board, and before long, the weapon was being successfully used by American troops.

Is it possible for the dreaming mind to create something completely new, something that has never existed before, or is it true that "there is nothing new under the sun"? Perhaps otherworldly prototypes do exist for all of our inventions, accessible to those who can travel close enough to see them and remember.

A MINISTER'S PROOF OF LIFE AFTER DEATH

Reverend L. J. Bertrand, a Huguenot minister, went on a mountain climbing vacation in the Alps with a group of his students—and found proof of his lifelong preaching when he experienced astral projection on the icy slopes.

The Reverend's energy advanced him far ahead of the rest of the lagging party. The students accompanying him—their physical condition not matching their exuberance—straggled behind with the local guide. Bertrand became impatient for them to catch up, for they were carrying his lunch.

So, he found a rock to sit on and settled himself down to wait. But, soon after, he found himself drifting into the "sleep of the snows." Gradually he began to lose all mobility and he realized with a shock that he was freezing to death!

The freezing process had been slow and unnoticed. Now, however, the Reverend suddenly felt a moment of intense pain, which he interpreted as physical death. The spasm ended with Bertrand bobbing above his physical body like a helium balloon on a silver string.

Below him, Bertrand could see the near-frozen hulk of his body.

Then the clergyman's thoughts turned toward his students. And immediately he was with them, watching with annoyance as they made repeated wrong turns. He also noted the particularly amateurish climbing methods of most of them, and felt a special surge of irritation when he saw the guide duck behind a rock and partake of the lunch he was supposed to be bringing to Reverend Bertrand.

Bertrand next thought of his wife who was to join him in Lucerne within three days. To his surprise, the husband saw her arriving ahead of schedule in a carriage with four others, and was actually watching her go through the procedure of registering at the hotel when his students and the guide came upon his frozen body.

Immediately the guide began to rub Bertrand's body with snow in an effort to stimulate sluggish circulation. The clergyman's essential self, however, hovering above on the silver cord, felt loath to return to the frozen, empty shell that had housed him for so many years.

But the choice was not the Reverend's. Within minutes he was back in his frostbitten body, heard the guide's sigh of relief and the cheers of his students.

Bertrand rose with difficulty to his feet; shuddered at the cold. Then turning to his students he scolded them for not following his instructions and for missing the correct turns. Whispering among themselves, they cast frightened glances at Bertrand. He then turned to the guide and thoroughly berated him for having dipped into his lunch. The guide stammered his

guilt, at a loss to explain the "man who sees everything."

Back down the mountain, Bertrand's wife experienced the same amazement when her husband described the carriage in which she had arrived and the other four persons within it. Himself, Bertrand had no easy explanation for his experience. It sufficed for him that he had been granted a remarkable demonstration of the soul's capacity to survive physical death.

"IT WAS NOT YET MY TIME"

It was January, 1938. Mrs. Ruby Staley lay critically ill in her home. Her doctor had given her medication, but her last pneumonia attack was so severe that no member of her family expected her to live.

Unknown to Mrs. Staley, on the night in question her temperature was dangerously high. She was feeling miserably ill and had great difficulty in breathing. Then, in the middle of the night, she felt that some essential part of her was beginning to slip out of her physical body.

"It was strange," Mrs. Staley wrote of her experience in the *National Enquirer* of March 2, 1969, "but I was not afraid. It just happened and I was not even worried about it."

The next thing she was aware of was that she was walking through a "dark railway tunnel." Far off in the distance she could see a tiny point of light.

"I came out into the light and I saw a green railway embankment on each side of a green road," Mrs. Staley reported. "The banks were almost covered with

lilies, and the fragrance was beautiful." And this in the dead of winter.

At the end of this road Mrs. Staley espied her grandmother, Mrs. Anne Walker. Mrs. Walker had been dead for seven years. "As soon as I saw her, all the pain and suffering from my illness vanished. I walked quickly up to her, but it was odd, I knew I was walking but could feel nothing under my feet."

As she approached, her grandmother held out her arms to her. Mrs. Staley longed to be enfolded in those arms once more, but the nearer she came the most insistent an unidentifiable voice became, telling her: "*Don't go yet. You are not ready.*"

Mrs. Staley paused, disconcerted. She looked to her grandmother to see what effect the voice was having upon her. Grandmother was still smiling and holding out her arms—but Mrs. Staley knew she had to return.

"As soon as I realized that, some of the pain came back to me. I turned and walked back into the darkness. As I passed the lilies, their edges curled and turned brown as if they were dying." At this point, all the pain flooded back upon Mrs. Staley's pain-wearied body.

She found that her feet were hurting as she walked the path, whereas she had felt nothing before. She kept plodding on, however, back through the tunnel, back to her physical body.

"I came to in my body, fully conscious, the crisis past, and somehow knowing that I would return to complete health. I know I had passed into the next world, but was drawn back, because it was not yet my time. Had I gone on instead of turning back, I would never have returned."

ASTRAL PROJECTION IN CHILDBIRTH

Victoria and Isabel Carenas were always close to each other. Even in childhood, when most sisters go through a battling stage, Victoria and Isabel were very devoted to one another. They had found a method for communicating telepathically while still very young and they called this method "the game."

The girls were never separated from each other until 1962, when Isabel and her husband, Carlos, moved to Cleveland, Ohio, since Carlos was transferred to the Midwestern city by his company. The parting, already difficult for the two sisters, was made more so because Isabel was expecting her first child. Victoria promised that she would come to Cleveland when delivery was imminent.

On May 2, 1962, Victoria was alone in her apartment in New York. Only her small terrier kept her company. It was some time yet before Victoria expected to leave for Cleveland. All at once a cloud of depression descended upon her. She became restless, nervous. Impatient fingers drummed a cadence on a nearby table.

She glanced around for her dog and to her amazement saw that the terrier was also tense and alert. It started to rear on its hind legs, wagging its tail, as it usually did when greeting someone with whom it was familiar. Then, at the last moment, the dog seemed to have second thoughts. It dropped back on all fours, whined and scurried into the bedroom where it hastily slid under the bed.

Then, before Victoria's disbelieving eyes, was ". . . a vaporous human figure in a white garment, framed by an aura of pallid light. . . . Although the features were nebulous there was something intensely familiar about the apparition." (*FATE* magazine, December, 1967)

Victoria collapsed on the floor in a faint, but on regaining consciousness she felt oddly relaxed. Her former tension had vanished. The terrier had curled up beside her, evidently quitting the bed for a more obvious source of comfort. Victoria had just managed a sitting position when the telephone rang.

The caller was Carlos. In a voice at once weary and drained of all emotion, he explained to his sister-in-law that the baby had been born three weeks earlier than expected. The lives of both mother and child had been seriously threatened but happily both were now out of danger. "Isabel has been calling for you," Carlos told Victoria. "For hours she has been calling you."

Later, when the sisters were able to get together, they marveled that the childhood "game" they had played had prepared them for the experience they shared that May night. For them, the channels of

communication had been opened long before, so they were always ready for use.

Isabel explained what had happened to her: "All day I had been thinking of my sister. Then when I was afraid I would lose the baby and that I would die, I was seized with an overpowering desire to see Victoria just once more."

Isabel had begun, slowly, to call Victoria in the way they had used when playing the "game" at the same time that she was being administered ether in the hospital.

And—just as she was slipping into unconsciousness—she ". . . suddenly found herself in the apartment in New York." She remembered seeing Victoria's terrier in the hall, then she saw her sister before everything went black.

CAN DRUGS TAKE US OUT OF OUR BODIES?

The prevalence of drugs in the last decade has prompted many a wild tale of feats performed while under their influence, and these tales have in turn produced serious studies of the relation between the *psi* factor and mind-expanding drugs. Many questions have been raised. Can the ingestion of such drugs actually facilitate out-of-body projections? For centuries now certain medicine men, mystics and witches have been claiming that various psychedelic drugs can literally set the psyche free of its fleshly envelope.

Of the different drugs that have been used, perhaps the most has been written about the *amanita muscaria*, the "sacred mushroom." In 1953, R. Gordon Wasson, a vice-president of the J. P. Morgan Company, and his wife journeyed into the back country of Mexico in search of proof for the alleged powers of prophecy yielded to a *curandero* (witch doctor) of the Mixtec Indians, after consuming the sacred plant.

According to Wasson, the *curandero* had prepared himself for the ritual by a twenty-four-hour fast and by the strict observance of certain prescribed acts.

The witch doctor had then eaten the mushroom and been granted clairvoyant and precognitive powers.

The ceremony witnessed by the Wassons in Mexico followed the same procedure. After careful preparation, the *curandero* partook of the sacred mushroom. At 9 P.M. the Wassons began to participate actively in the ritual, for they asked the *curandero* what knowledge he could give them of their son Peter, who had been left behind in Boston.

By 10:30 the *curandero* had ingested fourteen pairs of the mushrooms. At 1:00 A.M. he announced that he had begun to receive a vision of the Wassons' son.

"Your son is undergoing an emotional crisis in his life," he intoned deeply. "Peter is no longer in Boston; he is going off to war. Also, a close relative of yours is going to die within the year."

The Wassons were stunned by these revelations. Yet, when they returned to the United States, the Wassons learned that their son had enlisted upon the unhappy end of a broken romance. Because of his emotional confusion he had left home. At the time of the ceremony in Mexico, Peter was not in Boston but in New York. The *curandero's* final prediction was fulfilled when a first cousin of Mr. Wasson's died of a heart attack.

Wasson was so intrigued with the results of this preliminary investigation that he determined to experience the ceremony first hand, as a participant. Once again the Wassons traveled to Mexico, where in the backtrails of the bush country, they found a village where the natives would let them actively participate in the ceremony. The American couple was placed on the same strict regimen followed by the Mexicans:

they were guided step-by-step through the ritual of eating the sacred mushrooms.

Within a half hour after eating six parts of the greasy-tasting plants, Wasson wrote that he felt as if his soul had been scooped from his body and had been projected to a point far away. He did not receive any precognitive flashes, though he did detail many graphic out-of-body experiences.

Others who have ingested the *amanita muscaria* (this mushroom is poisonous and can be safely eaten only by an initiate), have reported similar projections in which they allege that their souls were freed from their bodies to roam uninhibited by time and space.

At this point in our research, we can only wonder if these drug-induced experiences are the same as those described by others who separated from their bodies spontaneously, or if they are only hallucinatory by-products of the drug's chemical action of the brain.

Dr. Erick-Willi Peuckert, professor at Gottingen University, has devoted a large portion of his life to the duplication of the ancient formulas said to be used in medieval times by practitioners of the occult arts. There were many claims in those times that witches and sorcerers had the ability to fly through the air. Dr. Peuckert's investigations seem to show that at least some of the accounts left to us are actually describing medieval psychedelic trips or drug-induced astral projections.

The daybooks of the witches—now safely tucked away in Europe's great libraries and museums—tell how the witch was to apply liberal doses of "witch's salve" to her naked flesh before she departed for any of the greater or lesser Sabbats. In one of these ancient

texts, Dr. Peuckert discovered a recipe for this salve, which he found contained such psychedelic herbs as the thorn apple and deadly nightshade, along with other regional fruits and roots.

Eager to test the accuracy of the arcane concoction, Dr. Peuckert and an attorney friend prepared the mixture and applied it to their bodies—as indicated in the text. Some fifteen to thirty minutes later the men had fallen into a trancelike state in which both later recalled flight experiences *and* participation in a wild orgy. As if to prove their actual presence at the bacchanalic Sabbat both men awoke with dreadful hangovers.

They had resolved to utter no word between them until each had first fully recorded the effects of the potion. When they came to, both men bit their tongues to refrain from telling each other what had happened. Taking pen and paper in hand, they sat down to write full accounts of their visions. Then, both having finished writing, they exchanged papers. Comparison showed they had described the same experiences.

It is Dr. Peuckert's theory that—in at least some cases—the notorious Sabbat was induced by application of this ritual salve. Then, when confronted by the bloody Inquisition, these unfortunates could be made to confess participating in the actual rites of witchcraft without ever having had any actual physical experiences. *The witches, confused by torture, would not be able to separate hallucination from reality.*

THE LONG JOURNEY

Mrs. Monica Fisher was admitted into the Birmingham General Hospital in England in January of 1953 for the birth of her third child, Jane. The delivery was extremely difficult and the resulting pain caused Mrs. Fisher a most unusual experience. "Because of this experience, I know death should hold no horror for us."

Mrs. Fisher's delivery was complicated by her abnormally high blood pressure. In the birth-giving process she lost a great deal of blood. Two days later, on January 17, while lying on her bed, a strange sensation crept over her. "I felt faint and breathless. Then I felt myself leaving my body and floating up to the ceiling."

Mrs. Fisher recalls looking down and gazing at her pale, motionless body upon the bed. She fleetingly paused to worry that some member of the hospital staff would find her and think her dead. "Then I drifted away into darkness and found myself in a different world."

A tingling sensation was noted by her, and she "felt

the hands of children holding my arms, guiding me. I was floating, not walking. It was dark, but then I saw a light in front of me and I was floating toward it."

Then she found herself walking along a pleasant green slope bathed in this light. It was a beautiful scene, and Mrs. Fisher felt no desire to leave it.

"There was no fear or pain. There were flowers around me. It was too beautiful to leave. Before me I saw huge gates and I went toward them. Now I felt as if I were walking, but I couldn't feel the ground."

All at once Mrs. Fisher felt a "huge hand" on her shoulder, holding her back and restraining her move toward the gates—and she experienced a great disappointment but could not stop the hand from leading her away from the gates.

Mrs. Fisher was taken back to her body by this hand: back through the darkness and back to the pain. "The pain I had felt after the delivery was now gone, and I didn't want to return to it. . . . I felt myself drifting back into my body . . . all the pain came back."

As consciousness returned she felt a great exhaustion as though she had just been on a long journey. She knew that she was back, however, and that everything was going to be all right.

A nurse making her rounds stopped to talk with Mrs. Fisher, and the amazed woman told of her astral flight. "The nurse said I had been very ill and that many other persons had had experiences very much like this."

Mrs. Fisher's daughter Jane used to be troubled by the fact that she had nearly cost her mother her life. "But Mother has told me that it was very pleasant and

reassuring and that there is no reason for me to worry about it.

"She has said that now, having seen what it is like, she doesn't fear going there again when her time comes."

A DOCTOR'S ENCOUNTER WITH ASTRAL TRAVEL

When the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh met on February 26, 1937, Sir Auckland Geddes, a medical doctor and a professor of anatomy, read a most unusual paper.

A colleague who requested to remain anonymous had recorded an out-of-body experience which he wished to bring to the attention of his fellow members of the healing profession.

According to this anonymous doctor, he had been near death and had at the same time been conscious of being outside his body. Upon his recovery, he had immediately undertaken to dictate his amazing experience to his secretary.

Once, shortly after midnight, the doctor was stricken with acute gastro-enteritis so severe that by ten o'clock the following morning he was so ill he could not even ring for assistance. Though the doctor's body was in an agony of pain, his mental processes were quite clear and he began to review his financial affairs.

While thus engaged, he suddenly realized,

"... my consciousness was separating from another consciousness, which was also 'me.'"

The physician, dictating, labeled these two states of consciousness "A" and "B." His ego, or essence, aligned itself with the "A" state of consciousness. The "B" consciousness stayed with the physical body.

He observed that as his health deteriorated further the "B" personality began to fade, while the "A" personality began to embody his complete self. In the process, the "A" personality vacated the physical body entirely, and he could watch his body lying inert in bed.

As his awareness of this situation increased, he realized that not only could he see his physical body, but he could also see his entire house and his garden in London, or travel to Scotland, or any place that occurred to him. At the same time, he became aware of the presence of a guide, or "mentor," who explained to him that he was "... free in a time dimension of space, wherein *now* was equivalent to *here* in the ordinary three-dimensional space of everyday life."

With this understanding, the doctor next noted that he could now see things in four, or more, dimensional places. At the same time, he could see equally well in the three-dimensional space of everyday life.

But he apologized for his lack of words to describe his experience. No words seemed adequate to put forth his feelings.

His "mentor" impressed on him that "... all our brains are just end-organs projecting as it were from the three-dimensional universe into the psychic stream ... and flowing with it into the fourth and the fifth dimensions. ..."

Accordingly, he could see this "condensation of the psychic stream" forming a kind of cloud around each living brain. His guide further explained that the fourth dimension existed, correspondingly, in everything that existed in the three-dimensional space. Moreover, everything in the third dimension also existed in the fourth and fifth.

"Now in the fourth-dimensional universe is equal to *here* in the three-dimensional universe. A fourth-dimensional being is *everywhere* in the *now* ... just as one is *everywhere* in the *here* in a three-dimensional view of things," he elaborated.

In the present state of his existence, he was a blue-colored "cloud," as was pointed out by his guide. Many more mysteries were being revealed to him when one of his servants entered his bedroom and discovered with horror his dying body.

He watched his servant rush to the telephone and place a hasty call to a doctor who was a colleague of his. At the same time, he could see this physician take leave of his patients because of the frantic emergency.

When the doctor arrived, the "A" consciousness could hear him think, "He is nearly gone." He heard the doctor talking to him but was unable to respond; he was no longer in the "B" consciousness that resided in the body.

The visiting doctor pulled a syringe out of his medical bag, which the "A" consciousness saw, and became very angry. He did *not* want to return to his "B" consciousness.

As the injection flowed into his body, however, the "A" consciousness was again aware of his heartbeat; he was gradually being pulled back into his body. Fi-

nally the mind-traveling doctor became aware of himself lying, in disarray, on his bed.

"I was intensely annoyed," the anonymous doctor relates in his narrative, "because I became so interested and was just beginning to understand where I was and what I was seeing. I came back into my body, really angry at being pulled back; and, once back, all the clarity of the vision of anything and everything disappeared, and I was again possessed of a glimmer of consciousness which was suffused with pain."

Reiterating his belief that his out-of-body experience had shown no tendency to "fade like a dream would fade . . . nor to grow . . . or to rationalize itself," he firmly stated that his experience had been real to him and stressed his belief that the experience held momentous import for every man.

Sir Auckland finished reading his unknown colleague's experience and confronted the members of the Society with his own concluding remarks:

"Of one thing only we can be quite sure—it was not fake. Without that certainty I should not have brought it to your notice. My colleague's experience has helped me to define the idea of a psychic continuum in which we all exist. Furthermore, he has brought telepathy, clairvoyance, spiritualism and indeed all of the parapsychic manifestations into the domain of the picturable."

A PREDICTION OF IMPENDING DEATH

Danton Walker, the late columnist for the New York *Daily News*, reported a projection in sleep witnessed by a friend of his, Mrs. Ella Donaldson and a friend, whom she identified as "Patricia."

Mrs. Donaldson had received a letter from Patricia stating that she planned to marry Henry, a friend of long standing. She was leaving New York and invited her friend to travel to the city and make a farewell visit.

"When I got to New York," Mrs. Donaldson explained, "Patricia said that Henry now had an excellent position overseas, and since she intended to live abroad after their marriage, she thought it best to marry him over there and save his 'leave' for a real visit home, in perhaps a couple of years."

Mrs. Donaldson arrived in New York, and after a long talk with her friend retired for the night. The guest room had twin beds, one for each of them.

The next morning when Mrs. Donaldson awoke, she was surprised to see someone other than her friend in the other twin bed. Instead of Patricia, with her

long blond hair and her usual jovial expression, there was a much older woman with bushy gray hair. The woman resembled Patricia's mother, but she seemed older as though tragedy had etched new lines in her face.

"As I continued to gaze at her," Mrs. Donaldson recalled, "this person awoke and sat up. Turning toward me, she remarked, with infinite sadness, 'I wonder where Patricia is now.'"

Mrs. Donaldson was suddenly overtaken by a shudder of fear. "Where could she be?" she asked.

"'In a coffin on the high seas.'"

Shaking off the premonitory feeling, Mrs. Donaldson realized the whole scene was merely a bad dream. The morning sun was shining brightly through the windows, and there, sleeping peacefully in the twin bed was her friend Patricia. A few minutes later Patricia woke up.

Over a cup of coffee, Mrs. Donaldson attempted to change her friend's mind regarding the trip overseas, but Patricia's spirits were too high to listen seriously to any warnings received through the nebulous medium of dreams. As a consequence, Mrs. Donaldson did not tell her dream to Patricia nor to anyone else.

The plans for the wedding formalized, and finally Patricia embarked by plane for Europe. The next day the family received a wire from her stating that she had "arrived safely." A few days later further word came from Patricia happily noting the wedding and the fact that Henry had secured a small furnished flat.

"On the heels of this letter," Mrs. Donaldson remembered, "almost of the day of its receipt, came another, stating that Patricia and Henry were dead!"

"Patricia and Henry had died of asphyxiation; killed by monoxide poisoning from a defective gas heater in the living room of the little apartment that Henry had rented," explained Mrs. Donaldson. "The janitor of the apartment house had found them together, dead, in the living room; all windows shut and the gas heater still burning."

Following this devastating news came word from the local government officials and the American consul. All formalities had been complete and arrangements could now be made to bring the bodies back to their native soil. Patricia's family wired instructions for her body to be shipped back to New York in a sealed coffin.

Mrs. Donaldson observed that Patricia's mother, who had traveled to New York upon learning of the tragedy, had survived the news with remarkable fortitude. What seemed to disturb her unduly, however, was the news that a terrible storm on the Atlantic was delaying the arrival of the liner bearing Patricia's body.

"If only she could have had a smooth crossing," the elder woman sighed.

"On her arrival, Patricia's mother was placed in the guest room with me," Mrs. Donaldson continued with her narration. "She occupied the same bed in which Patricia had slept. The next morning when I awoke I found her still sleeping. Her face, looking very tired and tragically changed by the shock of Patricia's death, was framed by a mass of bushy gray hair! I had always seen her wearing it neatly brushed back in a tight knot at the back. I was immediately reminded of the woman I had seen in that horrid nightmare."

"As I continued to stare at her she awoke and sat up."

"I wonder where Patricia is now," she sadly intoned.

The exact words the woman with the bushy hair had used in Mrs. Donaldson's dream.

"Where could she be?" Mrs. Donaldson managed to whisper. The next few seconds were almost unbearable because she knew exactly what Patricia's mother was going to say: "In a coffin, on the high seas."

Did Ella Donaldson precognitively dream of her friend's death and her mother's subsequent concern, or did she project herself through time into the future?

THE MANY ASTRAL TRAVELS OF OLIVER FOX

The majority of astral projection experiences are spontaneous in nature; however, there have been people so adept at controlled out-of-body travel that they could rightly be called "professional projectors."

Ranking at the top of that heading would certainly be Oliver Fox, who first published accounts of his astral projections in the *Occult Review*, in 1920. According to psychical researcher Hereward Carrington, these constituted the first really detailed first-hand accounts of a series of conscious and voluntarily controlled astral projections.

As is the case with so many "natural" psychics, Oliver Fox was plagued in childhood with a series of serious illnesses. While very young—at seven or eight—he began to have what he termed "the dream of the double."

In these dreams he would see the double-image of a loved one, especially his mother. It was also at this time that the young lad began to suffer from a series of nightmares which he called an "extension dream." These dreams were characterized by a strange sense

of union with the inevitability and the eternal nature of things.

Fox did not begin his conscious astral projections till he was in school. He was thrilled with the intoxicating sense of freedom, though he morbidly feared that such unnatural practices could commit him to death by premature burial, heart attack, or even insanity.

His schoolday out-of-body jaunts were only the beginning, though. It was in 1905, when Oliver experienced his first romance, that his astral projections got earnestly under way.

When Oliver's sweetheart, Elsie, learned of his strange ability, she immediately scolded him for his "wicked" practices, warning him that God would assuredly punish him if he persisted in his "travels."

"You silly girl," he told her, "how could you know anything about the true meaning of astral travel?"

Elsie bristled at his comment. "Why, I could project myself to your room tonight if I wanted to!" she retorted.

Fox laughed at his fiancée. It was clear to him that she could not possibly know a thing about occultism; certainly not enough to be able to project herself to his room.

Nevertheless, Elsie appeared that night before Oliver in the middle of a "large egg-shaped cloud in intensely brilliant bluish-white light . . . her hair loose, and in her nightdress."

When Oliver spoke to her, Elsie vanished; but following this nocturnal excursion the two got together and compared notes. Elsie described Fox's room to him in detail, listing all of the objects in it.

Fox insists that the girl had never been in his room, nor did they have a mutual friend who could have supplied Elsie with the necessary information.

A few weeks later Oliver Fox returned his fiancée's house call. One morning just as she was awakening he appeared before her bed.

Oliver was so solid that Elsie was startled into believing he stood before her in his physical body. Elsie cast a worried glance toward the hall where she heard her brother whistling and her mother coming up the stairs.

The young girl knew that her family would take a dim view of her fiancée's presence in the privacy of her bedroom, and she became quite anxious. Just as her mother's hand touched the doorknob, however, Oliver vanished.

At this early stage of his astral experimentation, Oliver noted the presence of some rather frightening circumstances.

Quite often he felt solid hands grip him and squeeze him until he was left gasping for breath.

Once his trance state was broken, and as he was returning to his body, he observed a misty white shape dissolving at his bedside.

Another time he met with an entity that appeared as a "conical mass of glistening snow." He could not discern any features on this being but he did note that it had two large blue eyes.

Included in Fox's many descriptions of out-of-body experience was a full repertoire of sounds.

At one place in his writings he discussed the ". . . crackling sounds suggesting electrical phenomena; roaring and whirring noises as of gigantic

machines; a peculiar snapping sound . . . and sometimes voices calling." Fox does suggest that some of these sounds could possibly have been due to variations in blood pressure, but he does not feel that all of them can be explained by such analysis.

A projection experience in 1913 brought Oliver into the bedroom of a woman as she sat before her mirror combing her hair. The woman's eyes followed the comb as she pulled it through her shoulder-length locks.

From his position behind her he could see that he was completely invisible.

Then, purely in the interest of experimentation, Fox decided to reach out and touch the woman, to see if he could effect tactile contact. He lightly brushed his hand on the velvet of her dress, and ". . . then she gave a violent start—so violent that I, in my turn, was startled, too. Instantly my body drew me back and I was awake, my condition being immediately normal. . . ."

Oliver Fox made a complete record of his lifelong out-of-body travels in his book *Astral Projection: A Record of Out-of-the-Body Experiences*. In this text Fox defends his unorthodox actions by explaining that he had used the reasoning that, since he was invisible, his touch would not be felt.

Since that initial experiment, Fox discovered that although he might be invisible to people, they responded readily to touch. As his projections became more frequent, Fox decided that ". . . the question of one's right to intrude, even in an unseen body, upon the privacy of another person will have to receive serious consideration."

Fox never did see the "silver cord" observed by other astral projectors. However, he failed to note that on several occasions he had struggled against the pull of it.

He believed that there were two means for traveling out-of-the-body. One was through dreams and the other through self-induced trance. He stressed that the former method was the most pleasant and also the least dangerous, but its disadvantages were that it required the manipulation of certain rare kinds of dreams and the experiences which resulted from such projections were never quite so vivid as the self-induced trance.

Projection through self-induction of the trance state is best achieved, according to Fox, by assuming a comfortable position, then concentrating upon an "imaginary trap door" within the brain.

Breathing should be deep and rhythmic, the eyes closed, but rolled upward and slightly squinting.

Before long the practitioner will begin to feel a slight numbness that will start at the feet and travel up the legs until it has spread throughout the entire body.

Muscular rigidity will next set in, and there will be a mounting pressure in the head. A feeling of being able to "see through closed eyelids" will evidence itself, and "the room will appear to be illuminated by a pale, golden radiance."

Once this stage has been reached, the student must guard himself against the appearance of apparitions and frightening sounds. These should be ignored. One should especially resist the illusions that will come and seek to interrupt the student, breaking his trance. "And now the student will be experiencing the very

peculiar sensation of having *two* bodies; the painful, physical one and, imprisoned within it, a fluidic body."

When the student becomes aware of this sensation, he should try to force this subtle body through the imaginary trap door in the brain by a supreme effort of will.

Fox writes that the student will ". . . have the extraordinary sensation of passing through the door in his brain and hearing it *click* behind him."

The student will then be able to rise out of his bed and walk away from his entranced body. He will be able to walk through walls and travel through space at tremendous speeds. Time will no longer be a limitation and the soul will wander freely.

A BUFFER AGAINST THE TRAGEDIES OF LIFE

Mrs. Helen DeDolce, a widow of Allentown, Pennsylvania, is convinced that while nearly dying after an appendicitis operation, she briefly entered into the world beyond our own.

This was more than thirty years ago. Her appendix had ruptured and she had been rushed to the hospital for emergency blood transfusions, as doctors struggled to save her life.

"I can distinctly remember seeing myself floating above my body as I lay on a hospital bed in Allentown Hospital," she recalled in the July 1, 1969 issue of *National Enquirer*. "I felt as light as a feather—as if I were detached from my sick bed below. It was a pleasant sensation."

According to Mrs. DeDolce's account of her experience, she was traveling toward a bright light, and the music she heard was more beautiful than any she has heard since.

"I soon recovered, but I never forgot that experience. Since then I've lost a husband and a small child. If I had never had that death experience, I would have

gone to pieces when my husband died. It helped me to bear up under these tragedies."

Mrs. DeDolce was pregnant with her fifth child when her husband Stephan died of a heart attack at the wheel of his car on October 31, 1961. The family provider was 41. After his death, Mrs. DeDolce confessed that she cried herself to sleep every night.

"One night I was wishing desperately I could see him again once more. Suddenly there he was in the room. He looked relaxed and happy. He leaned over and kissed me, then faded away."

Mrs. DeDolce had yet another mystical experience when forced to shoulder the tragedy of her six-year-old daughter's death of leukemia. Michelle had been ill for some time, and Mrs. DeDolce had moved the child's bed into her own room so that she could attend immediately to her daughter's needs.

"One evening as I lay on the bed, I saw a nun in a white habit standing in a corner of the room," Mrs. DeDolce recalled. "She had an angelic expression and her hands were extended as if in compassion. I knew then my little girl would die soon."

The next day little Michelle had to be taken to the hospital. She received the finest medical care available, but within two months she was dead.

"I've always kept these things to myself until now," she confessed, "thinking that people would laugh at me if I talked about them. But after thinking it over, I thought it might help others in grief to hear my story. I truly believe I will meet Stephan and Michelle in the afterlife, which I once entered. It's been a difficult struggle for me bringing the children up without their father, but I am sure I've had help from the beyond."

HE WANTED TO SEE HIS PICTURES

It was a busy day in the photographic studio of James Dickonson in Newcastle, England. People had been coming and going all day, and Dickonson had been hurrying from one client to another.

There were several people in the studio when a tired, wan man entered through the door. J. S. Thompson waited his turn, then inquired after the set of prints which he had ordered.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Thompson," Dickonson replied, "but I haven't had a chance to process them yet. They should be done soon, though."

"Ah, that's too bad." Thompson's voice registered deep disappointment. His facial features formed a mask of depression and regret.

"Listen, Mr. Thompson, I'll have them for you first thing tomorrow morning."

"That's no good," Thompson sighed. "I have so little time left, and I did want to see those photographs."

Dickonson felt his own countenance sadden as he watched the unhappy man leave his studio. The other people in the shop also watched Thompson walk out,

all receiving the distinct impression that they had just seen a most disconsolate man.

Later, the photographer and all the clients in his studio at that time would be repeatedly questioned by investigators from the British Society for Psychical Research. Although all witnesses swore that J. S. Thompson had called on Dickonson and requested his prints and the photographer had noted the time of his visit in the studio record book, Thompson had been at home in bed that day and had been under the constant observation of a trained nurse.

Thrashing on his death bed and muttering in delirium, Thompson repeatedly mentioned the need for obtaining his prints.

And, within hours after he was seen in James Dickonson's studio, Thompson died.

DEAD ON THE DELIVERY TABLE

Mrs. Josephine Hand received her profound belief in an afterlife when she lay on the delivery table in a Georgia hospital, officially diagnosed as dead. Her doctor worked speedily to restore her heartbeat, though, and when Mrs. Hand revived she claimed to remember an interrupted journey into the next world.

Mrs. Hand was admitted to the hospital on January 16, 1965. Complications soon developed, and the unfortunate woman suffered a night and a day of labor and pain.

"The pain was so terrible that I lost consciousness several times," she related. "When it came time for me to deliver, I was in a state of shock. I lost touch with reality and went unconscious."

According to Mrs. Hand, she was "floating through space in the most beautiful place I have ever seen. Two beautiful white wings trimmed in gold appeared on my back, and I remember feeling free and thinking what a wonderful sensation I was experiencing."

Her doctor later told her that she had stopped breathing, and anxious medical attendants could find

no heartbeat. Clinically, she was dead; but her doctor worked feverishly to reverse the verdict. Desperately he and his staff tried every measure they could think of to bring the deceased woman back to life.

"He [the doctor] told me they fought for twelve plus one-half minutes to save my life," she said, "but all I remember is floating into eternity. I remember floating down a long dark tunnel that stretched ahead of me for miles and miles. Finally, I reached its end."

Asked about her impressions of this "long tunnel" and the effect it had had upon her, Mrs. Hand replied that she "realized [she] was in the beautiful hereafter." She reported absolute comfort and likened her feelings to those of an astronaut floating in space.

Also, when she glanced up at her floating body, Mrs. Hand noted that she was dressed in what appeared to be a long, white shroud with sleeves that covered her hands and "flowed beneath [her] feet, which were bare."

Mrs. Hand did not recall seeing or contacting any other people.

"When I floated out of the dark tunnel, I was in an open area with blue skies and white clouds, and everything around me was beautiful beyond description. When I regained consciousness I was in an oxygen tent, and the nurse told me I had given birth to a fine baby son."

Both mother and child stayed for several days in the hospital, Mrs. Hand recovering from the tremendous strain under which her system had been placed. It was during this time that she was informed by her doctor of her technical death.

"It was a wonderful experience," Mrs. Hand believes, "getting a look at the next life, but I thank God for sparing me and letting me come back so that I could take care of my child."

A JOURNEY INTO DEATH AND BACK AGAIN

When Dr. Wiltse of Skiddy, Kansas, felt that he was dying, he called to his family and friends and bade them farewell.

His attending physician, Dr. Raynes, later testified to the Society for Psychical Research (Volume VII of the *Proceedings*) that for the duration of four hours, Dr. Wiltse lay without pulse or perceptible heartbeat. Dr. Raynes did state, however, that he may have perceived an occasional, very slight gasp from his patient.

During this period of clinical "death," Dr. Wiltse underwent a most unusual experience. He found himself in what he termed a state of "conscious existence" that bore no relationship to his physical body.

Immersed in this new state of consciousness, Dr. Wiltse decided to experiment. He began to rock back and forth, trying to break the tenuous bond of tissues and fibers within his physical form. At length, he reported, he began ". . . to feel and hear the snappings of innumerable small cords, and I began to retreat

from my feet toward my head as a rubber cord shortens."

Shortly after that, the doctor felt himself to be gathered in the area of his head, where he emerged through the sutures of the skull.

"I recollect distinctly," he told the Society, "how I appeared to myself, something like a jellyfish as regards to color and form."

As he emerged from his skull, Dr. Wiltse experienced the floating sensation so common to out-of-body experiences. He felt himself bobbing gently up and down until his exertions landed him squarely upon the floor. At this point he gradually arose and expanded himself to the full stature of a man.

"I seemed to be translucent, of a bluish cast, and perfectly naked," reported Dr. Wiltse candidly.

The doctor cast a glance at his woeful body on the bed and decided he had no further use for it. Without further ado he headed for the door.

As he reached the door, he observed that he was suddenly fully clothed. At the same time he noted that two of his friends were standing by the door, and that they were completely unaware of his presence. With a great deal of surprise and a bit of amusement, Dr. Wiltse discovered that he could pass directly through his friends and out the door.

"I never saw the street more distinctly than I saw it then," he stated. "Glancing around, I noticed that I was attached by means of a small cord, like a spider's web, to the body in the house."

Then all at once the doctor found himself soaring above the neighborhood, quite enjoying the aerial view that his unique situation afforded him.

Just as he was relaxing into this new-found freedom, however, Dr. Wiltse found himself on a road with steep rocks blocking his journey. He attempted to climb around them, but as he was attempting this a black cloud surrounded him and he found himself back in his bedroom, once more confined to an ill body.

It is interesting to speculate upon the rather mundane, but curious, point of Dr. Wiltse's nudity.

"It is my personal theory," writes author Brad Steiger, "that since out-of-body experience involves the essential stuff of man's personality and is therefore a *psi* phenomenon, the projected mind may, in those cases in which the agent sees a 'body' rather than some kind of wispy substance, 'create' the clothing by exercising the same kind of mental machinery that is used in dreams."

The author goes on to discuss the Wiltse case in detail in *The Mind Travelers*: "When he first projects from the skull, Dr. Wiltse perceives himself as 'something like a jellyfish as regards to color and form.' Then, because his mind has been conditioned on the temporal plane to think in terms of body concepts, the jellyfish expands into the full stature of a naked man. Primitive man may have been content with such an appearance in his out-of-body experiences, but Dr. Wiltse, upon confronting his sober-faced friends at the door to his bedroom, suddenly finds himself clothed. Again, a lifetime on the earthly plane and in a particular culture had conditioned the doctor not to conceive of himself going about in the nude.

"It seems probable that once one has made the 'ultimate projection,' that is, ceased to exist on the physi-

cal plane, one gradually learns to reject earthly concepts of 'body' and 'clothing' and finds 'shiny clouds,' 'bright balloons,' and 'something like jellyfish' quite acceptable forms for one's soul or essential, conscious self.

"I think it is also worth noting," Steiger continues, "that Dr. Wiltse's experience terminated when he was confronted by steep rocks that blocked his journey. Generally speaking, there seem to be two types of environment for out-of-body experiences: 1) the environment of this Earth, in which the projected personality observes the actions of people and sees actual occurrences in faraway places, which he can later substantiate; and, 2) the environment of other planes of existence, of dimensions of reality, in which the projected personality may encounter entities, which he interprets as being 'angels,' 'masters,' 'guides,' or the 'spirits' of loved ones who have passed away. The geography of these various planes or dimensions seems to be almost precisely that of Earth, and is often (depending upon the religious view of the projector) interpreted as being Heaven. The 'rocks' that halted Dr. Wiltse's advance may indeed have been rocks on another plane of existence, or, again, they may have been formed by the doctor's own mental machinery as a symbol that he was not to travel farther, but was to return to his body. Whether such 'solid' symbology is necessary after one has become acclimated to another plane of existence, we, of course, have no way of knowing. We are able to base our theorizations only on the testimony of those who have not yet made the 'ultimate projection' when death severs the 'silver cord.'"

Death, for all our common utterances, is still the greatest mystery, "the undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns." The only indication we have of that vast beyond are the experiences of those such as Dr. Wiltse. The world we glimpse through these unusual experiences may not be the one to which we will travel, but it allows those who see it a chance to pass from this life with an attitude of peace and hope.

A MARBLE STAIRCASE TO THE OTHER SIDE

It was in 1957 that Bertram Frace was knocked off a crane at a steel plant near Trenton, New Jersey. He suffered severe head injuries and was rushed to Lower Bucks County Hospital in Levittown, Pennsylvania, where he was in a coma for nine days.

"I recall it vividly," Frace said recently, "even though it happened in 1957." Frace recalls a feeling of separation from his body, and then finding himself ascending a marble stairway that stretched into the clouds.

"I climbed a marble stairway—out of curiosity. I climbed marble stairs for days, it seemed, going up through the clouds until the atmosphere became buoyant and vibrant. I sat down to rest, looked around me and then started to climb again. Suddenly I heard a voice, faint at first, then a little stronger, saying, 'Bertram, go back.'"

Frace reports that he looked around in bewilderment but could see no one. Puzzled, he called out to the mysterious voice: "Where are you? Who are you?"

Again the voice sounded louder, and harsher at this time: "Bertram, go back."

"All at once I realized it was the voice of my grandmother," Frace said, "who had died four years earlier. . . .

"I need to see where the stairs go," he answered; and the voice spoke again: "No, Bertram, we're not ready for you yet. Go back. You have two children who need you."

It was at that moment that Frace came out of his coma.

His eyes fluttered open and he saw his wife and two sons standing at his bedside. Frace was told that he had been given up for dead, that on several occasions while unconscious he had skirted dangerously close to death.

According to Frace, this experience sparked his interest in the paranormal. Later that year his interest carried him to a spiritualist church in nearby Allentown, Pennsylvania.

"The medium gave each person a personal message from their loved ones who had died and he said to me, 'You can take it or leave it, but in eighteen months you'll be standing here on this platform, giving a lecture,' " Frace recalled.

Frace reports that he burst out laughing, but he went back to the church again and again. Finally he enrolled in a course of instruction given by the National Spiritualist Association of the United States.

"I will be ordained later this year. Since I entered the ministry, I have found peace of mind. Oh . . . I now lecture regularly at the church."

JOHN PENDRAGON AND THE ETHERIC BODY

There are many theories regarding astral travel and the astral body in which one projects. The late British seer and clairvoyant John Pendragon had a remarkably lucid explanation of the phenomenon, based upon his own many projections. According to Pendragon, man has a physical body, a spiritual body (or soul), an astral body, and an etheric body.

In his book *Pendragon*, the British psychic wrote the following: "I liken the physical body to a base from which the others operate. I would not say that they permeate each other, since each can act independently of each other."

According to Pendragon, the astral body travels of its own accord while man is sleeping. It can visit many places and return, which is one way a man can sometimes describe scenes and conditions in parts of the world where his physical body has never been.

"The etheric body is one through which contacts are received on the channels that supply us with guidance, both spiritual and inspirational," he said. "This is the body that receives our impressions, refreshes our

memory of the past, directs our emotions, and is the center of our spiritual awareness."

"It is from the etheric body that the radiations known as the auric colors build up around the physical body and enable those who are psychically sensitive to see what the state of this realm of being denotes. It is exceptionally helpful in health diagnoses and in all psychological aspects of the person. It is also the most important adjunct to the earthly body, as it is the reservoir from which the mind draws much of its material. Again, let me state that it is the physical body which houses these other vehicles."

There are many others who claim an etheric body as an essential component of man. Mystics and psychics agree fairly well upon an etheric body, which is like a strip of glowing ether; an astral body, which circumvents the etheric body and forms an egg-shape; an etheric double, which manifests positive and negative radiations; and a physical body, which forms the temporary abode for the other, more subtle, bodies. The terminology may vary, but these essential components can be picked out from the descriptions of occultists and those who have undergone out-of-body experiences.

All those who worked with the late John Pendragon have attested to many examples of their friend's prowess in out-of-body travel. Distance was no deterrent to this remarkable seer, who, on many occasions, "traveled" over 3,000 miles to drop in on the domestic scenes of his many friends and correspondents.

Upon his return, Pendragon would immediately sit at his typewriter and tap out a letter to the persons he visited, detailing what he had seen and asking for veri-

fication. The postmark on the letter always served as mute testimony to his eye-witnessing whatever he described in the letter.

Pendragon always took meticulous care to record accurately the dates, incidents, and persons he observed; and from this log he developed many of his own theories regarding the phenomenon of astral projection. His own experiences led him to conclude that astral projection and long-distance clairvoyance are very closely allied and that often it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other.

For all of his careful records and theorizations about the phenomenon, Pendragon never claimed to understand the mechanics of astral projection. Asked how he could do it, Pendragon invariably answered that he did not know.

Although he mind-traveled around the world, he could not always prove where he had been, nor did he always know his location. The only method that the seer ever admitted to was that of writing the name of the person or the place to which he wished to travel on a notepaper. Then he would place his finger on the name, and in a matter of seconds, he would be there.

The reader may be able to glean further techniques from the following examples of Pendragon's travels, quoted from *Pendragon*:

"Not long ago I was seated reading a newspaper when, while idly glancing at the sports page, I saw a picture of a football player unknown to me. Almost instantly I found myself projected into a back kitchen of a dingy little house where a young girl was pinning the same photograph of

the athletic hero on the wall with some rosettes. In front of the fire sat a middle-aged woman preparing vegetables. I could see all the details of the room . . .

"Tiring of the tableau, I concentrated on 'homebase' and pulled my etheric body back to my easy chair. Where I had been and whom I had seen, I had not the faintest idea. . . ."

"One night a friend called at my room and we got to reminiscing about our school days.

"'I wonder what became of old Franklin?' my friend wondered. 'He wanted so much to become an actor.'

"'Yes,' I nodded. 'Let's see if he made it.'

"I wrote Franklin's name on a scrap of paper and put my finger on it. There were a few seconds of blurred motion before I found myself on the top deck of a bus. Seated in front of me was a man of my own age, whom I suddenly realized was 'old Franklin.' His ginger hair of youth was almost gray, but I recognized him. I was terribly upset to see that Franklin was enveloped in gloom. . . .

"Franklin went over to a theater that was empty. He unlocked a door and entered . . . Franklin felt very miserable. Some sort of important project had failed. He went into an office and began packing some items in a case, quite oblivious to my etheric presence.

"After snapping the case closed, Franklin quit the place and boarded another bus. Once again, I sat next to him, but he never knew I was there. After a bit he alighted and I followed him home

to his wife and two children. There he told her that all was over, and that he must have another try. It was obvious that something very big had gone 'bust' for old Franklin.

"I willed myself back to my room and my waiting friend who had scarcely had time to smoke half a cigarette as he sat watching over my physical body. After I felt myself fully returned, I told him what I had seen. . . ."

THE MAN WHO WAS IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE

On July 8, 1896, a bewildered jury passed judgment on what was the strangest case to come before a court of law at that time. The defendant was William MacDonald. He stood accused of attempted burglary at a house on Second Avenue, New York.

Several witnesses produced by the prosecution each testified that they had seen MacDonald in the house bumping about one of the rooms, apparently trying to make off with several valuable items. All of the witnesses testified that they had had a good opportunity to scrutinize MacDonald at the scene of the attempted crime, and each made a positive identification of the accused man at the trial. Although several had tried to apprehend MacDonald, he had managed somehow to make his escape.

MacDonald knew that his alibi was sound, but he was uncertain as to whether this key witness would care to testify on his behalf. To his relief, his defense attorney announced that this corroborating witness would be most willing to take the stand. This witness was Professor Wein, a noted New York hypnotist.

"On the very hour in which Mr. MacDonald is accused of attempting to burgle the house on Second Avenue," the well known professor told the court, "he was in reality on the stage of a Brooklyn vaudeville house which is more than five miles away from the aforementioned house. What is more, Mr. MacDonald was under the close observation of an audience of several hundred persons. You see, he was assisting me in my performance, and I had placed him in a deep hypnotic trance."

An excited buzz went up around the courtroom, forcing the judge to rap his gavel for order.

The prosecuting attorney shared the same shock of disbelief as the spectators.

The defense attorney then made a plea for ten reputable Brooklyn residents to appear before the jurors. These men and women, explained Professor Wein, had served on a committee onstage during his performance. Their responsibility had been to see that the professor's claims for hypnosis were devoid of any sort of trickery. Now these committee members were called upon to assist Professor Wein again. This time they were to identify William MacDonald as the man whom Professor Wein had placed in a deep hypnotic trance.

The prosecutor sat quietly for a few minutes after the defense attorney had turned over his witness for cross-examination. He had thought that his case was a solid one, backed by the testimony of several people who clearly saw MacDonald in the house on Second Avenue. Now he would have to devise a whole new line of questioning around the fantastic piece of evidence offered in defense of MacDonald.

"Professor Wein," the prosecutor asked, enunciating his words carefully, "do you mean to tell the court that it is possible for Mr. MacDonald to be in two places at the same time?" He shook his head in disbelief at his own question.

"Mr. MacDonald's physical body never left the stage of the vaudeville theater in Brooklyn," Wein answered soberly. "It is possible that the residents at the house on Second Avenue saw a non-physical image of Mr. MacDonald."

"Do you mean to say, Professor Wein, that it was possible for Mr. MacDonald's spirit to travel while his physical body never moved from the stage of the theater?"

"Yes," the Professor replied calmly. "That is quite possible."

Again a clamor arose from around the courtroom. "This court will be silent!" the judge ordered, after repeated poundings of the gavel failed to quiet the noisy room.

The prosecutor thought quickly during the momentary disorder. "Professor Wein, what, may I ask, did you instruct Mr. MacDonald to do while under your hypnotic trance?"

"I did nothing but place him in a deep sleep."

"Did you suggest that he go to New York?"

The professor did not waver. "No, I did not. I did not suggest that he go to New York, I did not speak of New York, I did not even think of New York while he was in trance. I simply placed him in a deep sleep."

The prosecutor narrowed quickly to his point. "As part of your performance, did you or did you not

suggest that Mr. MacDonald commit a crime or act out the perpetration of a crime?"

"Absolutely not!"

A long pause followed and the jurors waited expectantly for the next move. Would the defense lawyer raise an objection? Was the prosecutor trying to implicate Professor Wein? The defense attorney looked unconcerned with the testimony of his witness. The prosecutor looked puzzled.

"Professor Wein," he asked. "Is the defendant a good subject?"

"He is one of the best I have encountered in all my career."

"Does he follow all of the commands that you give him?"

Professor Wein smiled patiently at his questioner. "I am convinced, Mr. Prosecutor, that Mr. MacDonald would, in a hypnotic trance, carry out any of my suggestions within the context of his own ethical beliefs. However, let me stress to you and to this court that I would never suggest that any subject commit a crime or dramatize the perpetuation of any criminal act. When a subject is in as a deep trance as Mr. MacDonald was, I consider him to be in a cataleptic state, deprived for a certain length of time of all sensations other than those which I impose upon him. It is entirely possible for Mr. MacDonald to have experienced out-of-body travel. Such a circumstance is not without precedence in the annals of hypnosis; indeed, it has been noted on several occasions by worthy investigators."

The court recessed and a verdict was awaited. The prosecutor had tried his best to ridicule the testimony

of Professor Wein; even attempted to have it thrown out as too incredible to be seriously considered but, despite his efforts, the jury returned with verdict of "not guilty."

For the first time a New York jury had accepted a manifestation of *psi* phenomena as valid courtroom evidence. William MacDonald was acquitted because he literally had been in two places at the same time.

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO GO HOME

With America's entrance into the First World War, thousands of American doughboys found themselves bound overseas. On September 5, 1917, Milton C. Watson was called into service, and as he contemplated the long journey abroad his excitement was checked by the fact that he had never been so far from home. Watson had been gone from home only two days when a terrible homesickness overcame him.

On April 13, 1918, Watson's company was ready to be shipped overseas to England. They boarded a train for Camp Upton, New York, and from there set sail.

Watson had been in Romsey, England, for thirteen days, and no mail had as yet been able to catch up with him. It was then, Watson remembers, that his homesickness reached an intolerable level. His company was being transferred that night to Southampton whence they would embark for the French trenches, and Watson miserably considered the length of time it would take for a letter to reach him from home. He went to sleep that night in a fit of depression, and while he slept he dreamed.

He dreamed that he roused himself from the tent in which he was quartered and went to Romsey, then caught a train for Liverpool. From Liverpool, he boarded a ship for New York, taking the exact steps he would take as if he were actually going AWOL and returning home. Watson observed himself stowing away behind some large trunks in the ship and disembarking furtively when the ship docked in New York Harbor. He then watched himself buy a train ticket at the Pennsylvania Station.

When Watson got off the train at his home depot he looked around, but no one was there to meet him. He started walking down a quarter of a mile of dirt road that would lead him directly to his parents' gate.

In his dream, Watson lifted the noisy latch, closed the gate behind him and walked up on the front porch and opened the door. He looked around the house, noting with a smile of pleasure that everything was just as he had left it . . . then the call to reveille woke him up.

Watson was intrigued by the strange dream he had had and immediately wrote to his sister, telling her about it.

He was most surprised to read her reply, for she said that "my brother Perry and my nephew Charles Evans, sleeping in my old bedroom, both had popped out of bed the night of my dream, rushed into the front room and told the family that I was home. They said they had heard me open the gate and enter the house. The folks had a hard time convincing them that I was not there."

A MEETING WITH ST. PETER

"I was crossing a neighbor's driveway near my home," began Mrs. Rowene Forrest, as she recounted her near-brush with death. "Suddenly I saw two lights coming at me. It was the last thing I was to see for seven weeks."

Mrs. Rowene Forrest, of Oxnard, California, remained for those seven weeks in a deep coma, from which medical science could not rouse her. At some point during that long vigil, Mrs. Forrest is convinced that she met St. Peter at the gates of Heaven.

"I seemed to be in a mist," Mrs. Forrest remembers. "I was more or less floating around near beautiful orchards where people were working. There was a white stairway before me and a desk at its foot."

Mrs. Forrest peered closely at the girl behind the desk and realized that she was a friend with whom she had gone to school. "She had died some years ago during childbirth," explained Mrs. Forrest.

This girl handed Mrs. Forrest a card and indicated that she should go upstairs to a gate. A man was coming in from the orchard whom Mrs. Forrest recog-

nized as her uncle Keith Stewart who had died in 1950. He gave her his arm and escorted her up the stairs, inquiring about various members of the family.

At the top of the stairs, just before the gate, Mrs. Forrest and Keith Stewart were joined by her grandfather Ernest Stewart who had died in 1955, and by her great-uncle, who had died in the Depression years.

"The gate opened and a very elderly man with long white hair stood there," Mrs. Forrest recalls, a soft glow of remembrance in her eyes. "He wore beautiful white silky robes. The thought came to me it was St. Peter—he didn't tell me who he was."

She reports that she then handed this man the card she had been given by the girl at the desk downstairs.

"He looked at it and he said, 'Oh, I'm very sorry, but your card is unsigned. You will have to return.'"

As he handed the card to her, Mrs. Forrest received an impression from "St. Peter" that there would not be a death in her family for another five years, "and there wasn't, until August of 1963, five years after my experience with 'life after death.' A twenty-three-year-old niece was killed in an auto accident."

Mrs. Forrest is convinced that she met St. Peter on her astral flight. She knows she cannot prove it, but she has the faith of firm conviction that it was so. She does not know when her experience occurred, for she suffered a severe concussion from the accident and underwent five operations in the seven weeks she was unconscious.

"When I regained consciousness, I could hardly talk. The first thing I said to my mother, who was at the bedside, was, 'My card wasn't signed.' Everybody

poked fun at me at first but my mother and grandmother believed me.

"The experience I had could have been while I was lying in the road or in the hospital. I don't really know. I do know that it happened."

Certain metaphysicians have developed the theory that we find what we expect to find on the "other side." The theory is based upon the "thoughts are things" principle, which would be more operative once the individual is freed from the limitations of a physical body. In essence, the individual creates the afterlife he finds, either from faith or the teachings he received as a child.

As a Christian, it is logical that Mrs. Forrest should find herself at the "gates of Heaven," with St. Peter appropriately overseeing a new soul's right of entry. However, whether allegory or reality, the experience was valid to its percipient and a valuable aid in helping an injured woman understand her personal journey from life . . . to death . . . and back again.

THE NOCTURNAL VISITORS

On the evening of July 28, 1942, Dr. L., a physician from Northampton, England, lay in a light sleep. His wife was in Reading, approximately fifty-five miles away, paying a brief visit to her sister who was convalescing from an operation. Dr. L. had been unable to get away from his practice, and had remained at home.

"Though I was asleep," the doctor reported in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, Vol. XXXII, 1942, "I was conscious of outside noises. Then I became aware of my wife standing at one side of the bed, near the foot, gently rousing me with her hand on my lower limbs and speaking in a low voice. I was certain that I could see her standing on the side next to the windows, which were open, and the moonlight made her figure dim but unmistakable. From the tone of her voice, I could tell she was concerned about me."

Dr. L. reported that his wife asked him if he minded her going to Reading and leaving him behind. "I assured her that I did not mind at all. She made as if to go away, and I asked her to wait, but she disappeared,

though I have no recollection of the manner of her exit."

Dr. L. awakened and found himself staring out the window. He considered it peculiar that he had not experienced any awaking from sleep after his wife's visit except that once, when Mrs. L. had aroused him with the movement of her hand. The doctor lay in bed for some time pondering the occurrence; eventually he determined to write his wife and inquire whether or not she had had any "untoward" experience on that night.

On July 30, a Thursday, a telegram arrived from his wife. The message: "Are you well?"

That same afternoon, Mrs. L. first received her husband's letter asking if she had experienced any "adventure of the mind" on the night of July 28. "If you had any experience at the same time," the letter read, "it is worth recording and comparing notes."

Mrs. L. sent her reply by return mail which Dr. L. received on July 31. In it, she expressed her experiences on the evenings of both July 28 and July 29.

The night of July 28, Mrs. L. had also been sleeping restlessly. She felt a strong urge to leave her sister's home and speak with her husband.

As she fell asleep that night she was thinking that if she wanted to see her husband that night she would have to be able to fly over the rooftops. Her last conscious thought was that if she could fly, like her sister's magpie, her problem would be solved. She did not recall any segment of a dream that could correspond to her husband's experience, but the image of her which Dr. L. had seen materialize in their home

coincided with the time in which she was drifting off to sleep in Reading and was wishing she could see and be with him.

On the following night (July 29), however, she later testified in her statement to the Psychical Society that she had dreamt her husband was standing at the door before her bed.

"His figure was ghostly and without definition," her account reads, "but a shaft of silvery light . . . lit up his features. He was smiling slightly, and there was tenderness in his expression. We did not speak to each other at all. After what seemed a minute or two, his face and figure faded away . . ."

This vision was interpreted by Mrs. L. as a response to her concern of the previous night for her husband. The next morning she related her experience over a morning cup of coffee, and her son suggested that they send a telegram home to see if Father were in good health; consequently they wired: "Are you well?"

"On Thursday afternoon came a letter from my husband telling me of his experience on the previous Tuesday night," Mrs. L. concluded. "Nothing out of the way occurred after this, and I returned home on August 1."

AN ASTRAL TRIP TO IDAHO

When Helen Louise Utter was growing up in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, a financial disaster resulting from a bad mine-investment affected many residents of the city, including Helen's family. Helen's sister Ann, fourteen years her senior, left Wilkes-Barre at that time—when her husband and father-in-law moved out to Idaho to start a hotel.

Helen and her parents moved to Sayre, Pennsylvania, where she married Leon Utter. Still surrounded by most of her family, Helen did not really begin to miss her older sister until their father died and their mother went to France. Then Helen began to pine for her sister and the seven small nieces and nephews.

On a September night in 1913, when she was feeling particularly lonely, she had a most unusual dream. She found herself wandering in a strange city, walking up an alleyway off a main street. As she progressed, she noted the presence of a barn and an old car up on blocks. A magnificent pine tree stood halfway down a pathway leading to a house. On one side of the path

Helen saw a garden of beautiful flowers; on the other, a garden profuse with healthy vegetables.

In her dream Helen entered the house through a large enclosed porch. She walked into the kitchen and was shocked to recognize Ann's Crown Vista china from England.

So she was in Ann's house!

In all the many letters exchanged between the two women, never once had Ann described her home to Helen. Now Helen was getting a first-hand tour in her sleep.

As she wandered through each room, Helen mentally recorded each of the various floor plans. A small gasp of delight escaped her lips as she recognized familiar furnishings—the old tea-wagon, one of grandmother's paintings, the Oriental sword and hammered-brass pistols the gift of a Chinese pupil Ann had taught in New York. Then glancing up the staircase she knew that Ann, her husband and their seven children were sleeping soundly in their bedrooms.

When Helen awoke next morning she told Leon, her husband, about her dream. Leon listened attentively but convinced Helen that though the experience had been most vivid, it was a dream and nothing more.

A few years later Helen had her first child. When it was only three months old, Leon became seriously ill and the doctor informed the family that it would be wise to move him to another climate.

Helen's sister, though concerned about her brother-in-law's health, was delighted to suggest that they try the climate in Idaho. On May 30, 1916, the family of three began the train trip to Sandpoint.

At last the long, weary ride was ended when the train bearing the Utters pulled into the Sandpoint depot. Waiting for them at the station were Ann and her family. After a happy reunion they all piled laughing and talking into the family Buick and drove through the Idaho town.

When they turned off into the alley leading to Ann's home, Helen nudged her husband and pointed out the window. "Look there! Remember my dream? There's the barn I saw, and there's the old car still sitting on the blocks!"

Up ahead loomed the pine tree, the gardens on either side of the path.

Excitedly she turned to her sister and told her about the dream. "I can even tell you just how your house is furnished and where the pictures hang. Is the table in the breakfast room set with the pink dishes from England?"

Helen Utter toured through the entire house on her sister's farm, and found that all was exactly as it had been in her remarkable "dream."

SEX THAT IS OUT OF THIS WORLD

The March 10, 1969, issue of the tabloid *Midnight* contained a most unusual article bearing the title "Girl Makes Love by ESP." The article, penned by Ryan Master, "a psychologist at Oxford University in England," details a remarkable tale of out-of-body sex that is not unlike those told by psychics and other occult practitioners. While the story is of dubious authenticity, it does describe a phenomenon more common than most people believe.

According to Ryan Master, Angela Fiorelli, a 23-year-old schoolteacher from Nice, France, can make "violent, ecstatic, totally satisfying love to any man she wants" by what would seem to be either mental telepathy or astral projection. Masters stated that Miss Fiorelli simply sits alone in a darkened room, relaxes, and concentrates upon the man she wishes for her astral lover.

Once she has "locked in" on the man she has chosen, she allows her sexual desires free reign. "In a matter of minutes, both she and her mental lover are enjoying all the pleasures of sexual intercourse—up to

and including an explosive mutual climax—without any actual physical contact."

Angela Fiorelli evidently began writing to Masters, describing her unusual talents and inviting the psychologist to investigate personally her highly unorthodox psychic accomplishments. Initially, Masters rejected the whole idea and did not reply to Angela.

Finally, a whole packet of letters arrived from a number of men, all attesting to Angela's extraordinary psychic abilities. These Masters felt he could not ignore. He made arrangements to journey to France.

The experiment was held in the home of Angela Fiorelli's parents in Nice. According to Masters' description, each of them occupied a separate room. Masters seated himself at a table, fully clothed, and prepared to study some papers he had brought with him. He had determined to remain as oblivious as possible to the nature of their experiment. Angela sat alone in her room.

Time elapsed and the psychologist became deeply engrossed in his work. Then, without warning, he found himself in a "fever of sexual excitement." He insists that this was not his imagination but real sexual excitement, as only a man could know it.

According to the article: "I could actually see Angela's face in front of me. I could feel her lips brushing against my cheek, her teeth nibbling at my ear, her hot, sweet breath and pointed little tongue entering my mouth."

From this point on, one cannot help questioning the psychologist's scientific objectivity. Be that as it may, Masters attempted to discourage these sensations as much as possible, until finally he left his desk, un-

dressed, and stretched out naked on the bed in the room. "As far as I was concerned," he states, "I had a flesh-and-blood woman in my arms."

Masters admitted to a generous amount of tender preliminaries and foreplay, then he reported a "long, breathtaking period of enjoying the deepest pleasures of each other's body" and a "fantastic mutual climax that bordered on the edge of insanity."

At the conclusion of this startling experiment, Masters broached the idea to Angela of visiting a parapsychology laboratory and submitting to a series of tests to determine "how and why her mind works the way it does." To this, Angela consented.

One cannot help being curious and wondering if Angela did journey to that laboratory, and what results, if any, were obtained from the tests. If there is any validity to this story, then an assessment of Angela's abilities would certainly make interesting reading—far more than the rather dry statistical findings of card-guessing tests.

Though the method Angela has devised would appear to be highly effective, it would seem that sexual intercourse would eventually demand more than mere mental exercises to insure satisfaction.

There is a strong possibility, however, that Angela is actually out of her physical body while rendering such complete physical satisfaction. If so, and if properly controlled, this ability would undoubtedly add an enviable bonus to any sexual relationship.

And, if our other records of similar happenings offer any proof of this ability, then it is clearly apparent that astral sex is available to anyone who masters the secret.

THE UNCOMPLETED JOURNEY

Mrs. Marian Walker of Plymouth, England, underwent two major operations in July of 1966. As she was recovering from the second operation, she remembers lying in her bed and listening to her heart "pounding like a dynamo."

As she lay thus, listening, she suddenly became aware of herself slipping away. She was now no longer in bed, but was standing on the threshold of a vast, gray hall. In the middle of the hall a darkened figure was sitting, dressed in long, flowing, silvery robes. Mrs. Walker's first reaction was one of fear, then her fear transformed itself into a strong impression that if she could only reach that seated figure she would be safe.

Valiantly she strove to reach the figure, but each time she tried to move forward she felt something was holding her back. Her frustration at the invisible restraining force grew until she felt like crying out in despair, so great was her desire to reach the figure.

Then the presence of a friend who had died a few years earlier, was standing beside her. She turned to

gaze upon this friend and, as she did so, she felt warm and comforted.

"I looked back at the figure and no longer felt this great yearning to reach it. Now I could see it was a man and that he was smiling. I turned away. My friend had gone. I felt myself floating back, warmly and quietly. Then I knew I was going to get better."

When Mrs. Walker again became conscious of her physical body, she forced her eyes open. Standing around her bed were a team of anxious hospital workers.

"We almost lost you there," a nurse later told her. "You had lost so much blood and so weakened your system that you almost stopped fighting." This was later confirmed by a hospital official as well.

Mrs. Walker herself is now personally convinced that if she had reached the seated figure, she would have died. When her spirit friend appeared, however, she knew that she had to return to her body.

"The strange thing is," Mrs. Walker commented, "I wanted to stay there and not return. I know now that death is nothing to fear."

THE LITTLE OLD LADY OF BALLACHULISH

Mrs. Boulton awoke one morning, her head once again filled with the house she had been visiting in her dreams for a period of several years. She had, as usual, approached it from the front and entered through the massive door. And, once inside, she would wander lovingly through every room in the mansion, inspect each item of furniture, the windows, the household goods, and making certain that everything was in its proper place and all was in good condition. These repeated trips to her "dream house" had made Mrs. Boulton as familiar with it as she was with her own home.

"I had that dream about the house again, dear," Mrs. Boulton informed her husband at the breakfast table.

"What? Oh, that! That's nice," Mr. Boulton mumbled as he reached for a letter that had arrived with the morning mail. As he opened it and read, his eyes widened with pleasure. "We've got the Beresford house, dear! For the whole summer."

For years Mrs. Boulton's husband had been inter-

ested in the history and folklore of the Scottish Highlands. That summer he had written to Lady Beresford about the possibility of renting her home, Ballachulish House, while she spent the season in the south. Now the reply to his query was in his hand, and it was affirmative.

"Oh, my dear," gasped his wife, forgetting her dream. "Think of the things we will have to do before we can leave."

While Mrs. Boulton attacked the passport and luggage problems, Mr. Boulton visited Lady Beresford to complete the arrangements for their summer rental. While chatting with her, he learned that the magnificent old house had the final touch to make it a truly romantic mansion.

"I hope you don't mind if the house is haunted, Mr. Boulton," Lady Beresford informed him, "but it's really no problem. The place is haunted by the ghost of the sweetest little lady. Every so often we see her . . . making her rounds of the house like an alert night watchman."

Lady Beresford agreed to wait at Ballachulish House until the Boultons were completely established, before she would depart for the Continent. She graciously consented to show them about the place and allow them time to become accustomed to the mansion so she could leave them on their own.

When the Boultons arrived, however, ready to take up residence, it became apparent that the services of Lady Beresford would not be needed.

"This is *my* house!" Mrs. Boulton exclaimed excitedly to her husband, as they drew up outside of the historic mansion. "This is the house of my dreams!"

Boulton could have explained away his wife's unusual behavior by the weariness of the long trip, but he could find no explanation for the look of disbelief on Lady Beresford's face when her eyes lighted upon Mrs. Boulton.

Mrs. Boulton told the mistress of the house that it had been most kind of her to wait to welcome them personally, but a tour of the house would be unnecessary.

"I've walked these halls now for many years, and I know where to find everything. This is the house I've dreamed of for years!"

Lady Beresford nodded her head slowly in agreement. "And now I know who the lady is who has been keeping such a close watch on this house for so long. I recognized you as the 'ghost' of Ballachulish the moment I laid eyes on you."

Out of curiosity, the three went through the entire house, testing Mrs. Boulton as they went. Each time before they would enter a room, Mrs. Boulton would give a description of the floor plan and the furnishings to be found within. In every case, she was found to be absolutely correct.

At one point it seemed as though Mrs. Boulton had made an error when she told Lady Beresford and her husband of a staircase that had apparently never been where she described it. Lady Beresford immediately cleared up the discrepancy by explaining that the staircase had been walled up to block the draft it had created in the upstairs corridors.

At the conclusion of her delightful summer in Scotland, Mrs. Boulton never again dreamed of making the rounds of the picturesque mansion, and Lady Ber-

esford never saw the "ghost" of the sweet little old lady whom she had come to know so well over the years.

Mrs. Boulton had been projecting an image, or "ghost" of herself over the years through semi-conscious dream projection. In all that time, she never knew that she was traveling out of her body, nor did she ever suspect that her dream house might actually exist.

IS THERE LIFE AFTER DEATH?

John Lowe was twenty-two years old when he miraculously lost his fear of death. He was a trooper with the 7th Hussars at the time, driving a light tank on the long retreat of the British forces in Burma. One March day while engaged in this retreat, he and two others were traveling on a jungle road near Rangoon, pursued by Japanese patrols.

"We expected to be hit any moment," Lowe stated in the January 19, 1969, issue of *National Enquirer*, "because the jungle around us was filled with the enemy.

"We turned on a curve in the road, and saw two trees lying across the road as a block."

The instant the three soldiers saw the block they were on alert, but already it was too late. Scarcely had they had a chance to react when the tank rolled over a land mine and was shattered. The other two crew members were killed immediately; Lowe survived.

"I was lucky. My arms and shoulders were cut, but I managed to get out. As I fell down the side of the

tank, I saw two Japanese soldiers, their rifles ready, coming slowly out of the jungle. We had run right into an ambush."

It was then that John Lowe felt himself slipping out of his body. With surprise he saw that he was floating upward, above the road.

Down below he could see his bleeding body and the two Japanese soldiers approaching it. It did not seem strange at the time, but later Lowe was to remark on the curious lack of interest he felt for his body. He could feel no pain, nor did he feel any particular remorse as he watched what he was certain would be his death. He remembered thinking that at any moment the two soldiers would put a bullet through his back.

"It was like being in a theater balcony looking down on the stage," Lowe commented. He simply hovered above his injured body, awaiting the inevitable.

Before the Japanese could fire the fatal shot, however, a British tank that had been following the blasted vehicle in which Lowe had been riding came "crashing down along the jungle track." When the Japanese saw this, they immediately ran back into the underbrush for cover.

Still from his aerial position, Lowe watched the British tank stop, and two men, arms at hand, advanced toward his body. They immediately ascertained that though the other two crewmen were dead, Lowe was still alive. Together these two men gathered up the unconscious man's body and carried it back to their tank.

"They slipped me in through the turret; and at that moment I must have returned to my body, because I

felt pain for the first time and immediately passed out," Lowe remembered. "The next thing I remember was waking up in the hospital, with bandages on my wounds."

Later that same day, after Lowe had regained consciousness, the two men who had saved his life stopped in at the hospital to check on Lowe's progress. The instant they walked through his hospital room door, Lowe knew that they were the two men who had lifted his body into the tank.

The two were astonished that he should recognize them, for they knew he had been unconscious all of the time they had administered to him. Lowe could only explain that his body had been unconscious, but some other part of him had been perched somewhere above the scene, calmly watching everything.

"I believe I was preparing for the end," Lowe firmly believes. "I am convinced I was on the threshold of death and my spirit was waiting to move on when the other tank crew came along that jungle road and saved my life."

Britain's Ministry of Defense, which keeps records of all its armed forces, confirmed that Lowe had been seriously injured in the explosion. Lowe recovered from his wounds, though, and was able to serve through the remainder of the war.

John Lowe, now fifty, works in a factory in Tunstall, England. "Despite being in the middle of death all of the time throughout the war, I never had any fear after that of death, and I still don't. I know now it's a place where pain and fear disappear, as it did for me over that jungle road."

ASTRAL PROJECTION IN THE LABORATORY

The problem of bringing the soul out of the body in the laboratory is a prickly one. How does one measure something that cannot be seen? What machine records the doings of the spirit, even as an EKG records heart movements?

The obstacles posed are most unusual, and of all those who have tried to overcome them, Dr. Charles Tart, assistant professor of psychology at the University of California at Davis, stands out as the man most responsible for pioneering studies of astral projection performed in the laboratory. Dr. Tart's work is as yet inconclusive, but a number of interesting results have already been gathered from his preliminary experiments, which were recorded in the November, 1968, issue of *Fate* magazine.

Dr. Tart's first run of experiments was conducted at the electroencephalology laboratory at the University of Virginia Hospital. Dr. Tart's main area of research was restricted to spontaneous out-of-body projections occurring in the sleep state, as this is the most common state in which OBEs occur and the state

which affords more control from the laboratory standpoint.

Two subjects were involved in the tests, a man and a woman who both claimed awareness of leaving their bodies in sleep. The test itself was simple: a five-digit number was placed on the shelf of the equipment room in the laboratory, so situated that the subjects would not be able to read it under normal conditions. If they could consciously disengage themselves from their bodies, they would be able to see the numbers easily and come back with knowledge of them. If they then relayed the correct number, evidence of out-of-body travel would result.

The two subjects were tested individually. The male subject was used in the initial experiment.

In the experiment, the subject was wired and taped to three different machines. Electrodes were attached to the subject's head for the electroencephalograph (EEG) readings (the EEG records brain waves), and additional equipment was utilized to measure the subject's rapid eye movements, or REMs. Concentration upon sleep study in recent years has determined that REMs are associated with early stages of dreaming, though they are absent in later stages. Finally, an electrocardiogram (EKG) was made, recording heart action.

It was Dr. Tart's aim, in using the above equipment, to provide psychophysiological substantiation of the subject's out-of-body projection. He also hoped to learn from bodily responses more of the nature of OBE.

The male subject was tested on nine consecutive nights. Although he had claimed the ability to deliber-

ately project in sleep, he was not able to do so, by his own admission, until the next to the last night of the experiment. On that evening he stated that he left his body twice within a matter of minutes.

A doorway and a window separated the sleeping subject from the equipment room in which a technician sat, manning the controls of the various machines. The subject projected himself to this room and found two men and one woman there. He tried unsuccessfully to arouse their attention to his presence by pinching and touching them before returning to his body. There was no verification of this experience.

The second time that the subject vacated his body, he again went to the equipment room, walking through the doorway. A quick glance around this room showed the subject that the technician was nowhere present, so the subject continued on his way to the office section of the building. There he found the technician conversing with a man whom he did not know.

Again he tried to attract attention to his presence, once more unsuccessfully. The subject then returned to his body, from which he called out to the technician. She confirmed that she had been in the office talking to her husband, whom the subject was able to describe in exact detail.

A study of the EEG record showed that moments before the subject awakened—which was the time in which he reported being out of his body—he had been in stage-one dreaming. This stage is an early, light stage of dreaming, characterized by the presence of REMs. The subject's heartbeat had been normal.

Since this projection had occurred totally in the

dream state, and not in one of the later and deeper stages of sleep, or the stage of drowsiness, Dr. Tart determined the results "inconclusive." There was objective evidence in that the technician was not at the controls when the subject had said she was not, and she had been in the office with her husband, whom the subject had described accurately, but Tart cautiously did not feel he could offer irrefutable evidence that an actual out-of-body projection had occurred.

The experiments with the female subject were conducted over four non-consecutive nights that ranged over a two-month period. This woman was subjected to even more severe laboratory controls and physiological measuring devices than her male predecessor. In addition to the EEG, EKG, and REM indicators, she was attached to a machine designed to measure basal skin resistance (BSR) and galvanic skin responses (GSR). A finger photoplethysmograph was utilized to record her heart beat.

According to the article in *Fate*, the leads from the electrodes "were bound into a common cable running off the top of her head and terminating in an electrode box at the head of the bed. Although this arrangement caused her [the subject] no discomfort, it prevented her from raising her shoulders more than two feet without disconnecting the wires, which would have shown up on the recording equipment. Thus her movements were well controlled, and she was generally under observation through the window separating the sleep room from the equipment room of the laboratory."

This particular subject had experienced many reported out-of-body experiences in her lifetime. The

greatest number of these had been according to the customary pattern of OBE—she would suddenly be aware of the sensation of floating, and, gazing down, would find her body lying upon her bed. There were times that she would find herself in distant locations, and she seemed to have the particularly grim ability to transport herself to scenes of violence.

In making her preliminary report to Dr. Tart, the subject informed him of one such incident. One night she had “dreamed” she was wearing a checked skirt which she did not own, and she was walking through a deserted section of town in the body of another girl. While in this girl’s body she became increasingly terrified, as she realized that someone was following her. All at once the footsteps caught up with her and she dreamed with horrifying clarity that she was being raped and stabbed. She had awakened in terror.

The next morning the subject was reading the newspaper when her eyes caught a headline that made her stomach jump. The article noted that a girl wearing a checked skirt had been raped and stabbed in the same section of town in which her vivid “dream” had been located.

While in the laboratory, the subject’s desire to read the test number apparently distracted her from having similar violent experiences, under observation. She could not break her magnetism to scenes of trauma, however.

“Sunday night, vague nightmare, recalled previous experiment?” she wrote in her lab report of the dream. “Blocking of much of memory—young girl (13 to 16?)—out doors—stabbing, but not knife, more slender—head hurt (slapped?)—not stabbed

surely. Expanse of white, car white? Knew fellow (She knew, not I) also youngish. Horrible experience, but no report in papers this morning. So far, so good.”

The subject kept this dream to herself for two days, until she learned that a young girl had been killed in Marin County, north of San Francisco. Corresponding to the subject’s dream, the girl had been young; she had been found outdoors (in the Muir Woods); she had been stabbed with something like an ice pick, for it was sharper and thinner than a knife; and the suspected murderer had been seen driving a large white car. The subject had reported in her dream that the victim’s “head hurt,” though she did not think it had been stabbed. This victim, however, was found with her head crushed and stabbed. The police were seeking the girl’s boyfriend.

This dream of the laboratory subject shies maddeningly away from parapsychological analysis. It is clear that the subject reported a precognitive dream, for she had recorded it in her lab report prior to the actual murder. There was no way to know, though, whether or not she had dreamed that specific event, and if she had, by what means? Was it a case of precognition, clairvoyance, or out-of-body travel? So often in paranormal studies it is still impossible to isolate the various *psi* functions, and parapsychologists still must fight the vast contingent of individuals who continually cry “Coincidence!” when faced with a psychic occurrence.

A scientist conducting experiments in the laboratory is trying to convince his colleagues—reared in the tradition of objective, physical science—that psychic phenomena, too, have their existence in the

physical world; but in order to see it we have to expand our understanding of physics. A parapsychologist knows that his colleagues will check his experiments under closest scrutiny and at the slightest doubt will cast down their validity. When a person does not want to change his thinking, he wills any usurper to fail.

Dr. Tart, consequently, was very careful to remove any doubts from his experiments. From studying the subject's physiological responses, he determined that her EEG pattern sequences were "unusual" when compared with normal EEG patterns. Moreover, the first night of the experiment showed that subject had rapid-eye-movement accompanying stage-one drowsiness, or the beginnings of sleep. According to Dr. Tart, that is most unusual. REMs are normally reserved exclusively for dreaming.

The subject awakened at 3:15 A.M. on the second night of the experiment, following an unusual EEG sequence.

"Write down 3:15 A.M.," she called to the technician. In her lab report of the following morning the subject recorded that she did arise from her body, but not high enough to see the numeral.

On the third night of the experiment the subject claimed to have visited her sister in a distant city. This astral flight could not be verified, but her EEG reading was once again "unusual."

On the fourth and final night the subject produced normal readings on all the control boards until 6:00 A.M. At just this time the technician observed the "unusual" EEG reading once more. Though she had said she did not rise high enough to read the number, she

had at last been successful: She correctly stated the numeral on the shelf was 25132.

Dr. Tart played the cautionary role to the end. Terming the experiment a "conditional success," he noted that the subject could have seen the numeral reflected in the black-plastic case of a clock. The scientist himself did not believe this to be true, but anticipating the skeptics' disclaimers, he felt obligated to make due note of it.

The results of this experiment led Dr. Tart to conclude that OBEs occur at the borderline of sleep. A more important result, he felt, was the fact that such traditionally "occult" manifestation as OBEs could be subjected to serious scientific study.

"THIS BODY IS BUT A GARMENT"

It was a good day for swimming, and since Paul M. Vest was a particularly strong swimmer he enjoyed the physical exercise that the sport afforded. One day, however, swimming in the ocean, to his horror he found that the current was too much for him.

Immediately alarmed, he shouted for help, but the wind was against him and he was already too far from shore for his voice to carry. He struggled with all his will and strength to best the powerful undertow, but then a large wave rose and pulled him under.

In that instant Vest suddenly found himself no longer in his drowning body. "As swift as a flash my consciousness, or self, had withdrawn to a distance ten or twelve feet above and was looking down at my body floundering in the sea."

Vest's body had not, as yet, lost consciousness completely. With dispassionate interest—un-attachment—Vest observed his body beating its arms spasmodically and kicking as it fought for breath. His "I" consciousness remained calm and serene in the presence of his physical body's fate: for the "I" consciousness

"knew with absolute certainty that [it] was timeless, ageless, and eternal. Thus it watched the drowning body dispassionately, as you might watch an old coat being discarded."

With the same detachment the "I" consciousness noticed a pair of swimmers coming to the aid of his floundering body. They brought the body to shore and immediately set to work manipulating the chest and other artificial respiration.

As the body slowly responded to these recuperative measures, Vest found himself being pulled gradually into the body once more. As he gazed down on the exhausted fleshly abode lying on the sand, he experienced a marked reluctance to return. *He had just been shown that there is an eternal self existing beyond the bounds of the human body.* Why return to that useless set of physical limitations? The "I" consciousness found an irresistible force pulling at him, though, despite his reluctance to return to that cumbersome apparatus.

"Since that day," Paul Vest writes in *National Enquirer*, "Is There Life After Death?" February 2, 1969, "I no longer think of my body as 'I' any more than I would think of one of my garments as 'I.'"

THE BRAZEN LADY OF THE CITY OF LIMERICK

S. R. Wilmot, a business man from Bridgeport, Connecticut, booked passage on the *City of Limerick* in 1863 from Liverpool bound for New York. The events of this journey were later to be recorded in Volume VII of the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research, from which they would be quoted and well known to readers around the world, for on this journey a most unusual thing took place.

While crossing, the ship ran into a stretch of violent storms during which many passengers were plagued with seasickness, and no one anywhere got much sleep. And the vessel was so buffeted that great anxiety haunted those on board. Anyway, when the winds eventually calmed down, Wilmot took advantage of it and lay back on his stateroom bed hungry for some rest.

Toward morning, Wilmot dreamt that he saw his wife, whom he had left in Connecticut, standing in the stateroom door. She was dressed only in her nightgown, and as she was about to enter the room, her

eyes fell on Richard Tait, the only other occupant of the stateroom. She seemed to hesitate for a moment, then she boldly crossed the floor to her husband's bedside. She stooped down and kissed her sleeping husband, caressed him lightly for a moment, then quietly withdrew.

Richard Tait observed the entire occurrence with a wide-eyed, gape-mouth stare of astonishment; the appearance of a woman in a nightdress standing in their stateroom door was enough to startle anyone. But then she turned to gaze directly at him, checked herself momentarily, and proceeded brazenly to the bedside of his sleeping roommate. After the shocking impropriety of her actions had barely left him, Tait had assumed the woman to be Wilmot's sister, Eliza, who was also on board the *City of Limerick*.

Tait had just decided to be more tolerant of the situation when the woman again turned to face him and he saw that she was a complete stranger. It was then she decided to ignore his presence and proceeded immediately to Wilmot's bedside.

Before Tait's dumfounded eyes, she leaned over the sleeping Wilmot, kissed him, and fondled him for a few minutes. Tait was too horrified to speak. With what kind of Casanova had he had the misfortune of sharing a stateroom?

It must be remembered that in 1863 such nocturnal visits from a woman could only bring scandal. A woman risked completely losing her honest reputation if she should be discovered. Tait was torn between concern for her reputation and shock at her unprecedented behavior. But she seemed so irresistibly drawn

to Wilmot that she fondled the man in full view of Tait. At last, several minutes after she came in, the strange lady quietly vacated it.

Tait swung his legs down over the side of the berth and walked over to Wilmot. He was trying to think what he could say to his roommate, and was thus pondering—when Wilmot awoke. "Well, you must be a mighty popular fellow," Tait informed him. "Not everyone gets visited at night by lovely ladies."

"Whatever are you talking about, man?" Wilmot inquired in confusion. "What do you mean?"

At first Tait indignantly declined to explain. Finally, after repeated affirmations of innocence, Wilmot was given the details of what Tait had seen. He was astounded to hear Tait repeat the exact circumstances of the dream he had had of his own wife.

Tait, however, was not so willing to dismiss the incident. The following morning he detained Eliza Wilmot on deck, and delicately he asked her whether she hadn't visited her brother in their stateroom on the previous night. Eliza's anger at the mere suggestion was enough to convince Tait that Eliza could not possibly have been the evening's visitor. Tait apologized to Miss Wilmot as best he could.

"I am sorry, Miss; I truly am. I only know what I saw, and I very clearly saw a woman walk into our stateroom last night. She was dressed in a white night-dress and she went straight to your brother's bunk. She kissed him, caressed him, then exited. I swear I was fully awake, and could not be mistaken about what I saw. It is most confusing."

The moment that Wilmot returned home, his wife

excitedly asked him if he had received a visit from her on Tuesday night of the previous week. "I am convinced that I paid you a visit on board your ship."

She explained that the storm had caused her such great concern for his safety, that as she lay in bed that evening, her thoughts remained fixed on her spouse. While brooding on his being tossed about on the stormy seas, it then occurred to her that she had the ability to go in search of him.

Wilmot reported the following to the Society for Psychical Research:

"Crossing the wide and stormy sea, she came at length to a low, black steamship, whose side she went up, and then descending into the cabin, passed through it to the stern until she came to my stateroom. 'Tell me,' said she, 'do they ever have the staterooms like the one I saw, where the upper berth extends further back than the under one. A man was in the upper berth, looking right at me, and for a moment I was afraid to go in, but soon I went up to the side of your berth, bent down and kissed you, and embraced you, and then went away.'"

Wilmot further testified that his wife described the steamship accurately, though she had never seen it. Mrs. Wilmot, in her own statement, said that she had experienced "... a very vivid sense all the day of having visited my husband; the impression was so strong that I felt unusually happy and refreshed."

"I SHALL NEVER AGAIN FEAR DEATH"

It was Christmas morning, 1957, and Mrs. Oleta A. Martin was up early straightening the house for her children who had arrived with their families for a holiday dinner. The smell of the cooking turkey was beginning to permeate the house as Mrs. Martin scrutinized the dining room once more for anything that might be out of order.

All at once she was seized with a pain in her heart that dangerously constricted her breathing, so much so that she could not call for help. Her youngest daughter happened to enter the room, took one look at her stricken mother and ran upstairs to awaken the rest of the sleeping family.

Mrs. Martin's husband hastened to his wife's side, and while the rest of the family looked on helplessly, moved her to a sofa. Someone had run immediately to call the doctor, but now, as they waited for him to arrive, there was nothing they could do except watch their mother lie on the couch in agony.

Mrs. Martin's eyes closed and she felt certain she was dying. As she felt herself float away, she lost all

sensation of pain and consciousness of her surroundings.

Eventually she stopped floating and found herself at the edge of a wide chasm, "so dark beneath [her] that [she] could not see the bottom." Her first reaction was of great fear. This gradually gave way to calm when a bright "spiritual" light appeared on the other side of the abyss.

Peering, she could just make out the general form of a being in the midst of the light, but the illumination was so brilliant that she could see no part of him from his shoulders up. Mrs. Martin glanced to the left of the figure and saw several other beings in long, white garments. They seemed to be reassuring Mrs. Martin not to be afraid, that she could cross the chasm without danger and they would be waiting for her on the other side.

Mrs. Martin was seized with a desire to join them, but she was inexorably aware that once she crossed the wide chasm there would be no returning to the other side. And thought suddenly of her daughter, and of how she was needed by her.

"The pressure on my chest returned. I gasped for breath and again became conscious of the world around me. I opened my eyes to see my family's tears change to surprise as they saw that I smiled weakly."

With one great cry of "Mother!" her assembled family rushed toward her, but the family doctor wisely extended an arm to restrain them.

"Your mother has just suffered a very close call," he warned them, "and she must not be excited."

With rest, medication and a change of diet, Mrs. Martin was able to improve her heart condition past

the danger stage. Her experience had a profound effect upon her, though, and she was moved to write: ". . . when the time does come I shall be less afraid to die because of that memorable experience at the brink of death."

This loss of the fear of death is one of the greatest results that out-of-body experiences seem to effect in its practitioners. It is an unexpected boon to those who fear the great Unknown.

A STUDENT'S EXPERIMENTS IN OUT-OF-BODY TRAVEL

Michael Hanson was a freshman at New College in Sarasota, Florida, when he became fascinated by the thought of traveling out of his body. He fed his interest with books from the college library, the town library, and, at last, the occult bookstores he found on his occasional drives to his hometown, New Orleans.

He had been studying for several weeks when he felt he was ready to make his first projection.

Lying down on the bed in his dorm room, Michael closed his eyes and relaxed his body completely. He reviewed in his mind the steps necessary for astral travel, then went about, one by one, completing them. He worked slowly, making certain that he reached each stage fully before progressing to the next.

Finally, he began to feel an increase in his heartbeat until the pounding seemed to pass into his head. It seemed to him as though his whole body were gathering in his skull, and the resultant pressure was immense. Then there was a slight popping noise . . . and Michael Hanson stood gazing down upon his inert body.

Hanson had assumed that astral travel was primarily limited to the earth, and was surprised to find himself, a split-second later, surveying the planet Earth from a great aerial height—as though he were on board one of the nation's space flights—for he had a perfect image of the globe in miniature below him.

He was marveling at the beauty of dispersion of land and water, with light cloud formations here and there obscuring the view, when he looked up and saw an imposing figure before him.

"He looked like something out of the Bible," Michael related. "He was immense, almost seven feet tall. He had a long, white beard, long hair that fell thickly to his shoulders, and was wearing a long robe loosely fastened around his hips like one of those girdles that ancient warriors used to wear. His eyes, though, were his most remarkable feature, for they were absolutely flaming."

Hanson was understandably shaken by the appearance of this figure, and confused as to whether or not he should try to make it back to his body. The thought of returning, though, disappointed the young practitioner. Curiosity overcame his fear and he returned the stranger's impressive glare. But not for long.

"*What do you think you're doing here!*" the massive figure bellowed, his hands placed menacingly on his hips.

Hanson did not stop to answer. His bravado fled, and with it his astral body.

"With a tremendous thud I landed back in my physical body. I don't know who that cat was, or even for sure where I was. But that's the last time I try any out-of-body experiments!"

PROJECTION AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH

Mrs. Margaret Sargent was a certified nurse in Atlanta, Georgia, when she was able to view firsthand an out-of-body projection. Mrs. Sargent was attending a young woman who had been hospitalized with a serious illness.

At about eleven o'clock one night the patient took a dramatic turn for the worse. Mrs. Sargent summoned a doctor, who took one look at the woman and concurred with the nurse's prognosis that the patient would not live through the night. The physician decided that it would be unwise to awaken the woman's mother, for fear of adding to her emotional stress.

"We knew, however, that the patient ardently desired the presence of her mother," Mrs. Sargent confessed, "but since she had become unconscious, we did not think it necessary to satisfy that desire."

As the doctor and nurse watched, the final symptoms of the disease set in, and they stood solemnly by the bedside anticipating the moment of death. Mrs. Sargent had taken a chair at the foot of the bed when she glanced up to see "... a white form advancing, a

robed form, although I could not see the face because it was turned in the opposite direction. The form remained for a moment by the inert physical body, then passed swiftly past the doctor and glided towards me, but always turning its face in the opposite direction."

Just as the apparition prepared to pass through the wall to the room in which the patient's mother lay sleeping, it hesitated, then turned and struck a smart blow on the doctor's shoulder. Startled, the doctor turned around, saw nothing, and said in a bewildered tone: "Something hit me on the shoulder!"

Mrs. Sargent managed to check her amazement long enough to tell the physician about the woman who had just passed him and who was responsible for the blow.

"Woman? What woman?" the doctor asked, perplexed. "There is no woman in this room but that poor, dying young lady on that bed. But I know someone did strike me. What on earth could this mean?"

Before either of them could speculate further, a slight murmur from the patient's bedside brought them immediately to attention. To their complete astonishment, the woman had momentarily turned the course of her illness and regained her senses. She remained conscious for a full twenty-four hours before she died with her head resting on the arm of her mother.

SPYING FROM AN ASTRAL PERSPECTIVE

In the June 1963 issue of *Prediction*, the World War I experiences of G. W. Surya are translated, revealing an interesting twist to the already glamorous business of spying.

Surya wrote of a German soldier who could project himself out of his body at will. In the war years he used this ability to spy on the divisional headquarters of the nearest French unit.

Once, when the soldier returned to his physical body, he immediately reported to his superior officer that the French were planning a major attack upon their sector for eleven o'clock of the following evening. The officer was intrigued, but naturally skeptical, so when the soldier revealed the source, the German officer's eyes bulged with rage for being disturbed with such nonsense.

But the soldier's friends rallied to his defense. "It is true, sir. He really has this gift. He can leave his body at will and see things. It is truly a gift from God."

The officer glanced impatiently around the room. "All right. If he does have such a remarkable talent,

let him prove it to me. You——” he turned to the soldier in question. “We have no way for me to check this information from French headquarters. To test you, you must go someplace where we *can* check and substantiate what you see. Our own headquarters is several kilometers from our present position. We would have no natural way of knowing what is going on there at this moment. Can you project there? We can call and check with a telephone, but, of course, we cannot know without phoning.”

“Yes,” one of the soldier’s friends agreed. “If you can project yourself to headquarters and describe what is going on there our officer can check the information by telephone. Go on,” he urged, “prove it to him.”

“Yes,” the others chorused, “prove it to him!”

The soldier nodded his agreement to the plan of the officer. He glanced around and lay down in a dark bunker that had been dug into the earth of the trench. Under the watchful eyes of the officer, the soldier lapsed into what appeared to be a deep sleep.

Several minutes later, he stirred slightly and sat up with a smile forming his lips. “An Austrian general has just arrived at our headquarters,” he reported. “He gave an order, and this is what it was. . . .”

“Slowly!” interrupted the officer. “I can’t write that fast.”

The soldier slowed down and enunciated clearly, word for word, the order he had overheard at German headquarters. As soon as the officer had recorded the message in full, he also copied down details of the general’s appearance.

“Now we shall see how accurate you have been,”

he told the soldier as he reached for the telephone. He quickly placed the call and asked headquarters to substantiate the information he had been given under such unusual circumstances.

The officer was interrupted in mid-sentence, as the other end of the telephone erupted into a series of shouts and thunderous exclamations. “How could he possibly have known an order delivered at headquarters within moments after it had been received from the general?”

“Is there a leak in our security?”

“You, sir, what is your explanation for all this?”

The dumfounded officer told headquarters everything: about the soldier’s claims, about their little experiment to test his abilities.

“And listen to this, too,” the officer said. “This man has also been checking in on the French headquarters. That’s how this whole thing got started. He overheard them talking about an attack scheduled for our sector at eleven o’clock tomorrow night. I am convinced now that his information is correct. We must have reinforcements if we are to hold these trenches!”

The soldier had convinced his officer and comrades that his abilities were real and the threatened attack inevitable. Unfortunately for the Germans, Surya related in his article, their headquarters found this impossible to believe; and the next night, at eleven o’clock, the French attacked and gained possession of the trench.

DOPPELGANGERS AND OUT-OF-BODY PROJECTIONS

It has been observed that Doppelgangers (the phenomenon of seeing one's double) and astral projection are very similar. In both cases the individual experiencing either is aware of two copies of himself. In astral projection, the consciousness leaves the physical body and aligns itself with an eternal element of self, while with Doppelgangers consciousness is more likely to remain with the physical body.

Some researchers have noted that the Doppelganger appears under the same physiological circumstances that seem to precipitate the projection of the astral body—fever, illness, extreme fatigue, headache and emotional distress.

In the June, 1968, issue of *Fate*, Harry Hoffbower wrote of his experiment in deliberate projection of his Doppelganger. According to the writer, the Doppelganger phenomenon is related to astral projection, “. . . but unlike the astral body, the Doppelganger is embodied, solid to the touch, and is capable of performing tasks.”

Hoffbower began his article by setting the stage with a bit of interesting family background.

Evidently one of his ancestors had achieved a great deal of notoriety as a witch for her abilities to travel outside of her body. This woman had learned the knack of out-of-body travel from a Cherokee medicine woman, and, as the totem of the Cherokee is the wren, local superstition soon had the woman flitting about in the form of a bird.

When facts are not available man frequently reverts to myth for an explanation, and to the residents of the small Virginia town this was the only way to explain how the woman always knew so much about other people and how she knew of events in faraway places long before word had reached the village.

When Hoffbower was in his teens, his family left their Virginia home and moved to Florida. It was in this Southern state that Hoffbower first heard of “that Furneau boy,” who was said to have the ability to send his shape out wandering in the swamps.

Harry Hoffbower learned that Furneau was a brilliant college student with a professed interest in the paranormal. Harry admitted to a feeling of envy for this young man who was able to study in his dorm and at the same time walk through Florida's many swamps. He was thinking about Furneau one day when he received an inspiration.

Hoffbower went to the college library and looked up the word “Doppelganger” in the card catalogue. From here he was directed to the library's parapsychology section. Here he found any number of the books listed in the card catalogue. Harry knew he was

on the right track when he found Furneau's signature on many of the slip-cards inside the books.

Hoffbower checked out all these books, and finally, in an obscure volume, found an account by a man who claimed to have achieved an out-of-body projection. Harry studied this man's method carefully, committing it to memory. By nightfall he felt confident that he was ready to attempt his first projection.

He was surprised at how little time it took. He had been sitting for only a short time when suddenly he seemed to burst free from his physical body.

Looking down, he saw himself above a bright blue sea and what looked like the city of Athens as it might have appeared some two thousand years ago. He found himself on a busy thoroughfare being jostled by the crowd and carried along by their momentum. He smelled the exotic herbs and spices and perfumes; he saw the Parthenon as it looked when it was new.

Harry learned quickly that he could travel wherever he wished by simply thinking of the place or person he wanted to see. Soon, however, he grew tired of romantic places and decided, instead, to pay a visit to his beloved grandmother who lived in West Virginia.

Immediately he was in the elderly woman's home. Thinking himself invisible, Hoffbower roamed freely throughout the house until he saw his grandmother's dog cringing in front of him.

Suddenly the bed lamp was switched on as the old lady awoke, startled to see the apparition in her room.

"Darling!" she called out, "is that you? How did you get in? Is anything wrong?"

For a split-second Hoffbower was terrorized, then

blackness descended upon him. He awoke to find his mother dabbing his forehead with a damp cloth. Explaining to his frightened parents what he had done, they both severely reprimanded him for even trying such an experiment.

His mother clucked over and over again about his "finding the way" of her ancestors and implored God to have mercy upon the soul of her son. Harry's father took a more practical approach, rejecting the thought of witchcraft and concluding that if Harry had found the method in a book, then anyone wishing to practice out-of-body techniques could do so.

Curiosity overcame Mrs. Hoffbower, who pressed him for details of what he had seen. Hoffbower refused to give any descriptions, however, and insisted that it had all been his imagination.

Matters rested there until the letter came from Grandmother: "I knew that I would have been notified by the telephone if there had been an accident . . . but I awakened and thought I saw you standing there by the bed. The dog was certainly reacting strongly to something. I sat up, turned on the light and spoke, but you just looked at me and went into the next room. I got up and followed you, and though the light was on, I could not see you anywhere. I checked all of the doors, all the windows, but everything was securely locked and fastened. I was afraid that you had died and had come to let me know."

At first Hoffbower clung to his explanation of coincidence, wishful thinking, but eventually his grandmother was able to work the truth out of him.

Hoffbower, remembering the strong reactions of his parents, winced and waited for his grandmother's

denunciation of his doings. To his surprise, her response was one of relief: told that her grandson had produced a Doppelganger and sent it to see her, she was no longer afraid that she was losing her mind.

Although she did not encourage Harry to further experimentation, she did tell him that Doppelgangers could also be used for good. Her great-uncle had once located a missing child by projecting his double. The search parties had given up all hope of finding the lost boy when great-uncle's Doppelganger was seen leading the lad back to safety.

EXPERIMENTS WITH HYPNOSIS

There is a great body of literature dealing with hypnosis and its speculated effect upon the various functionings of psychic phenomena. Telepathy, clairvoyance, even precognition has been reportedly manifested by subjects under hypnotic trance. It stands to reason, therefore, that the *psi* function of astral projection should be affected in some way by hypnosis.

The first of the modern hypnotists—or mesmerists—conducted many experiments in which they would order the entranced subject to “go somewhere” mentally and describe what was seen. Contemporary hypnotists have followed this path trodden by past hypnotists and also made similar commands to their subjects.

In a paper entitled “On the Evidence for Clairvoyance” (Volume VII, *Proceedings*, S.P.R.), Mrs. Sedgewick wrote of an out-of-body experience that was hypnotically produced.

Dr. F. was engaged in a series of experiments with “traveling clairvoyance,” and as part of these experi-

ments placed a woman named Jane into a deep hypnotic trance. Previously the doctor had arranged to have one of his patients, a Mr. Eglington, sit in his apartment on that same night. Jane would then be sent to visit him. Jane had never met Mr. Eglington. She was not told that the man was thin and weak and had just recovered from a serious illness. She had never been to the district in which Eglington lived.

After Dr. F. assured himself with standard tests that Jane was in a hypnotic trance, he told her to "travel" to Mr. Eglington's apartment. She was given the address and after a few minutes was asked if she had arrived.

"Yes, I am there. I have found the apartment," she announced in a low voice.

"Can you describe it to me?"

Speaking languorously, Jane described the entrance to the apartment, the knocker on the door, the furnishings in the various rooms, and all correctly.

"Good," said Dr. F. "You have the right place. Now then, do you see Mr. Eglington?"

"Yes, I see him."

"Describe him to me."

Dr. F. sat back prepared to hear a description as accurate as Jane's previous sightings had been. He was amazed, therefore, to hear her describe a fat man with an artificial leg.

Dr. F. told Jane to return to the room, puzzling over how she could have gone so completely astray in her description of Eglington.

But his puzzlement turned to delighted surprise the next day when he spoke with Mr. Eglington. The man told his doctor that he had grown weary of sit-

ting up waiting for the experiment, and so he fashioned a dummy of himself to maintain vigil in the sitting room. He had stuffed his clothes with several pillows and had propped the manikin up next to a glass of brandy and some newspapers. Consequently, Jane's picture of a fat man with an artificial limb had been an exceedingly accurate one.

Author Brad Steiger has his own conclusion regarding this case: "This . . . has often been cited as a successful experiment in clairvoyance. It seems to me that if the experiment had been one of true clairvoyance, Jane would have known that she was viewing a dummy of Mr. Eglington and she would not have reported the information in an incorrect manner. It seems to me, rather, that Jane's mind had traveled to the apartment and had mistaken the manikin for the man, much as anyone might do if he were granted a peek into a strange room under rather unusual circumstances. It may be argued that whenever a clairvoyant says he is seeing a faraway scene, he is in reality projecting his astral self to that scene. Some researchers theorize that OBE (out-of-body experiences) may explain nearly all of the *psi* phenomena. Although I believe that all psychic occurrences may have a common source in some as yet unknown or unexplained set of natural laws, it does seem to me that there are gradations of *psi* abilities, at least as they are demonstrated by individuals."

A WORD ABOUT THE DANGERS IN ASTRAL PROJECTION

Oliver Fox, one of the best known practitioners of out-of-body travel, described his many experiences in his by-now classic work on the subject, *Astral Projection: A Record of Out-Of-The-Body Experiences*. Though he did not deny the many advantages of out-of-body experimentation, he was very explicit about the possible risks involved in conscious mind projections. He stressed that those with weak hearts and nervous conditions should never attempt deliberate out-of-body travel. In addition, Fox detailed the following as possible dangers:

- 1) Heart failure, or insanity, arising from shock.
- 2) Premature burial.
- 3) Temporary derangement caused by the non-coincidence of the etheric body with the physical body after the experiment.
- 4) Cerebral hemorrhage.
- 5) Severance of the cord (Fox here refers to the "silver cord" which is described by practitioners of projection as the link between their spirit selves and their physical bodies), which means death.

6) Repercussion effects upon the physical vehicle caused by injuries to the astral.

7) Obsession.

Such a formidable list should certainly serve to deter the shy or weak-willed from deliberate attempts at astral projection, and urges caution to those ready to take the risks. It was Fox's contention, based on his own experiences, that conscious, deliberate attempts are no more dangerous than getting behind the wheel of a car and maneuvering down a highway. For, despite his severe list of warnings, Fox admitted his persuasion to the existence of "unseen intelligences" that stand ever ready to guide the inept efforts of those beginning experimenters in search of spiritual truths.

"The greatest danger lies in spirit possession," a noted medium has said (Brad Steiger, *Minds Through Space and Time*). "There are spirits who remain earthbound and who are still desirous of inhabiting a physical body. Some of these wretched souls feel that they have left too many tasks undone and they desire another fleshly body and another opportunity to complete their labors on the earth plane.

"And there are always evil entities which one must truly be on guard against during the projection experience. These creatures of darkness are always seeking a passive living body to invade and inhabit. That is why a medium always conducts a seance in an attitude of prayerfulness and may request the singing of hymns or the reading of Scripture. Before a medium goes into trance, he will ask God for protection and alert his spirit guide to guard him against these malignant influences."

Whether one accepts the actual possibility of spirit

possession or simply passes it off as a mental aberration, it is a formidable foe; real to the luckless person who suffers it. This danger is certainly something to consider when contemplating a conscious out-of-body experience.

THE SPIRITUAL ESSENCE OF MAN

For the past three hundred years Western science has been fixed upon the idea that everything in the universe is subject to physical laws and exists only in terms of mass and energy—matter being transformed by energy into a variety of conditions and shapes that come into existence only to pass away eventually in space and time.

Such was the state of affairs until the well-known British philosopher and mathematician Alfred North Whitehead observed that this left out a good half of reality. It completely ignored the subjective life of man, or what we would term the spirit. It in no way accounted for emotions: the feelings between a man and a woman; the magnificent joy upon hearing a Beethoven symphony; the sense of beauty upon sighting a rainbow; the inspiration of religious thought. According to Western science, these things were mere illusion, things men imagine for themselves, dream for themselves, while the only reality consisted in atoms blindly obeying chemical and physical laws.

Professor Charles Hapgood of New Hampshire has remarked upon this lopsided view of the world: "This soulless 'world machine' was created for us three centuries ago by the genius of Descartes, Newton, and their predecessors. It has proved very useful for the development of physical science.

"Whitehead's attempt to construct a philosophy that would include the experiences of man's inner life within the framework of 'reality' has apparently made little dent in our contemporary science which remains rigidly devoted to this 17th century 'world machine,'" Hapgood has declared. "Everything must be explained in terms of the physical action of material bodies being acted upon by external forces."

All of our test tubes and chemical compounds still cannot answer the ultimate question—what is immortality?

This doctrine is an integral part of all religions; but, says Professor Hapgood, "if a physical scientist is true to his own basic principles, he cannot accept it. To him, if he is consistent, life can exist only within a physical frame, a mortal body, and death is the end of the life of the individual. Some scientists compromise by accepting both points of view because their instincts or desires tempt them to hope that life goes on, but they are not consistent. The consistent materialist has to regard death as the end. A good many philosophers have tried to solve this conundrum of mind and matter (which of the two is real?) but none of them has come any closer than did the old Vermont housewife who quipped, 'What's mind? No matter. What's matter? Never mind!'"

It is all well and good for some people to stop here, but such action does nothing to answer several perplexing questions raised by the phenomenon of astral travel, such as: "What in man is it that is projected in out-of-body experiences?" The answers that come from those who have experienced OBE are more literary than practical, but they do give us clues.

All those who have experienced an astral projection claim an awareness of some type of body image. Many state that they see themselves as "golden bowls," or globular or egg-shaped spheres of some sort, and a good number of reported cases of OBE attest to the existence of a "silver cord" of great elasticity which connects the spiritual body to the physical body.

There is a remarkable consensus of opinion regarding these phenomena which seems to have been reached informally by occultists who have been reporting astral flights for centuries, and by those men and women who have experienced a one-time, spontaneous projection at the moment of accident, during an illness, in extreme exhaustion, or other crisis points. The largest body of evidence supports the description of an astral body which is more or less egg-shaped with an orangish glow.

Christians who have undergone astral flights, whether spontaneous or deliberate, often quote *Ecclesiastes*, XII: 5-7, as Scriptural testimony of the reality of man's spiritual body and his ability to separate spirit from flesh:

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the foun-

tain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Dr. Robert Crookhall, a British geologist and botanist who has also pioneered in the clinical study of OBE, discussed the nature of the "astral body" in the introduction to his book *More Astral Projections* (Aquarian Press, London, 1964). He said that the astral, the etheric, body "is normally enmeshed in, or 'in gear' with the familiar physical body" so that most people are never aware of its existence. "But many people have become aware of it, for with them the Soul Body separated or projected from the physical body and was used, temporarily, as an instrument of consciousness."

According to Dr. Crookhall, this "Soul Body" consists of matter, "but it is extremely subtle and may be described as 'super-physical.' "

According to Dr. Crookhall's theories, the physical body is animated by a semi-physical "vehicle of vitality" which serves as a bridge between the physical body and the Soul Body. This is the "breath of life" mentioned in *Genesis*. Crookhall states that in some people "especially (though not necessarily) saintly people," this Soul Body may be less confined to the physical flesh than it is in persons of a more sensual nature, thus making it easier for the more aesthetic to achieve astral projection. "With some very few people," Crookhall writes, "(and these may be either saintly or sensual) the vehicle of vitality is loosely associated with the physical body; it readily projects part of its substance."

There are many references in astral travel literature

to a psychic "umbilical cord" connecting the non-physical body to the physical. Dr. Crookhall cites many from his research:

"With regard to *form*, several . . . described seeing merely a 'cord' (and said it was about half an inch wide). 'T.D.' compared his to a 'smoky string,' Stuart-Young his to a 'thread.' Huntley considered, 'I am sure that, had a *feeble thread* between soul . . . and . . . body been severed, I would have remained intact' (i.e. the soul would have survived the death of the body). The Tibetans also observed that 'a strand' subsisted between the 'double' and the body. . . . Like Huntley (and *Ecclesiastes*), Miss Kaeyer realized that once it was 'loosed' the re-entry of the 'double' into the body would be impossible; she said, 'This is what death means.' "

One oft-observed quality of the silver cord is its elasticity. Countless persons who have undergone out-of-body experiences have remarked upon this in their descriptions of the experience. Sylvan Muldoon, American projectionist *extraordinaire*, commented upon "an elastic-like cable" linking his two bodies. Dr. Crookhall wrote of a man named Edwards who stated that from the pull of his cord he would characterize it as "made out of stout elastic." A Mrs. Leonard noted that "as the 'double' neared the body the cord not only becomes 'shorter and thicker,' as would be expected from an extension, but also 'less elastic,' agreeing with the statements that when the 'double' gets very near the body it tends to re-enter it—in fact, it is often 'sucked' back."

Another researcher of astral phenomenon, Dr. Alexander Cannon views the various strata of physical

and nonphysical man a bit differently than what we have presented so far. In his *Sleeping Through Space* (Walcot Publishing Co., Woodthorpe, Nottingham, 1938), the "Master-the-Fifth of the Great White Lodge of the Himalayas, Kushog Vogt of Northern Tibet," informs us that the astral body surrounds the physical body "like an egg-shell surrounds the egg within it and is linked up with the physical body by invisible vibrations on the ether in the air being carried to the mind centres on the plexuses of the involuntary nervous system." It is Dr. Cannon's belief that the astral body is the Scriptural "golden bowl" and that the etheric body is the connecting "silver cord."

"The astral body," Dr. Cannon writes, "is mainly the emotional body and has to do with emotions, moods and feelings. The astral body is not only linked up with the physical body through the solar plexus, but also linked up with the etheric body through vibrations passing from it through the physical body between the eyes ('glabella') to the top of the etheric body."

In his *The Power of Karma*, Dr. Cannon explains a bit more fully the mechanism involved in separating from the physical body.

The consciousness, essential self, "I" factor—call it what you will—leaves the physical body "through the area known as the glabella (between the eyes), which is the strongly positive pole, and re-enters through the nape of the neck or the strong negative physical pole of the body. . . ."

Dr. Cannon cites the testimony of mediums in support of his theory, for many mediums claim that an "entity" enters their physical bodies by the nape of

the neck . . . "actually a little to the left side, because if the etheric body were truly centralized, the 'entity' could not enter."

In the East, a *chela* (student) is taught slowly and carefully by a master the intricacies and maneuverings of out-of-body travel. Dr. Cannon writes of the Eastern methods to caution those less knowledgeable in the West who wish to attempt an out-of-body projection. To achieve control of the spirit, says Dr. Cannon, the Eastern student must first submit to the direction of a master, then subject himself to a rigorous and prolonged period of highly intensive and specialized training.

The esoteric knowledge obtained by the East was learned only by centuries of effort and experimentation, while we of the West have only just begun to recognize the existence of our spiritual selves, let alone seriously experimented.

WHERE WAS ADMIRAL TRYON?

On the last night of his life, Admiral Tryon was seen in two places. This is not remarkable except that the two places were 1,500 miles apart.

On the night of June 22, 1893, Lady Tryon was entertaining in the drawing room of London's Eaton Place. Lady Tryon was the wife of Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., noted sailor and fleet tactician, commander-in-chief of Her Britannic Majesty's Mediterranean Squadron. Fashionable ladies and cigar-smoking men chatted with each other and mingled about the room.

In the midst of this scene, an elderly guest rushed up to Lady Tryon and rather breathlessly asked a most unusual question: "My dear, is Sir George here?"

"Why, of course not," Lady Tryon responded with a chuckle. "You know my husband is with his fleet in the Mediterranean."

The guest turned in the direction of the drawing room with a look of puzzlement on her face. "That's

what I thought, but my husband said he saw him in the drawing room."

Lady Tryon dismissed this incident until another one of her guests came up to her with the same question, then another, and again several others. After the full account of the tragedy became known several persons—among the most respectable and level-headed in England—stated that they thought they had seen Sir George in the drawing room that June night.

On the same date, off the coast of Asia Minor, eight battleships and five cruisers of the British Mediterranean Squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir George Tryon, were sailing from Beirut to Tripoli, in Syria. It is customary, even in routine fleet movements, to practice maneuvers, and such was the plan for the day. Sir George, aboard the flagship *Victoria*, called his subordinates together to discuss the coming maneuvers. He had recently recovered from an illness, but insisted, as he gave the schedule, that he had regained his health.

"The ships will sail in parallel columns," he informed his officers. "Upon signal they will turn and reverse course, each column turning in toward the other. One more turn will bring us into the harbor of Tripoli."

The instructions were explicit. The columns were to be separated by a distance of six cables, or 1,200 yards. Upon hearing this, Tryon's flag captain, Maurice Bourke, pointed out that both the *Victoria* and *Camperdown*, the leaders of the other column, would need 600 to 800 yards in order to complete their turns. "With your permission, sir, if we turn at 1,200 yards distance, we'll surely collide!"

"Yes, Captain Bourke," Sir George agreed. "You are quite right. The distance should be eight cables (1,600 yards)."

However, when the signals for the column formation were hoisted, the Admiral called the flag lieutenant to his side and personally ordered the distance to be kept at six cables. He even handed the lieutenant a slip of paper with the number six written on it. Captain Bourke protested, but the Admiral cut him off curtly: "Leave it at six cables."

The distance was still six cables when Sir George had flags hoisted to order the countermarch. Eleven ships immediately acknowledged the order.

The only ship that did not respond was the *Camperdown*, exactly parallel to the *Victoria*. Rear Admiral Markham, in charge of that column, anxiously computed the distance between his ship and the *Victoria*.

"Let the flags be hoisted half way!" he ordered—a signal which indicated the order had been received but that the ship was not ready to execute it. Then Markham called for the semaphore and asked the *Victoria* if there had been an error.

Before his message was completed, however, an impatient signal came from Admiral Tryon: "Why aren't you ready to obey orders?"

Rather than risk the anger of his superior, Admiral Markham, with inner dread, signaled that he was ready to proceed. Sir George then signaled for the execution of the order.

Immediately before the ships started to turn, it was apparent to all that the *Victoria* and *Camperdown* would crash into each other. Captain Bourke tried in

vain to alert Sir George of the situation, but Tryon seemed beset by a strange lassitude. He made no response.

In desperation, Bourke ordered a midshipman to relay the distance to the *Camperdown*, hoping that upon hearing the lessening figures, he could rouse his vice-admiral to action. Sir George simply glanced around, a bemused expression on his face.

The ships were terrifyingly close when Captain Bourke asked permission to reverse the port engine. He received no reply. Again Bourke asked, and only on the third try did the Admiral flutter a hand and mumble, "Yes, yes, do so."

Bourke assumed control of the ship, and took further steps on his own responsibility to save his vessel and the lives of his men. On board the *Camperdown*, similar desperate tactics were being taken.

It was too late.

With a sickening, ripping sound the full force of the 10,000 ton *Camperdown* rammed into the side of the ill-fated *Victoria*, leaving a hole of a hundred square yards in her hull.

Even in the face of this disaster Sir George was unperturbed. In the midst of the shouts and desperate orders to save the day from further tragedy, Tryon remained preoccupied with other matters.

He vaguely gave routine orders for the battleship to be headed for the nearby beach. The other ships launched rescue boats, but the Admiral ordered them back.

Only a few minutes before the doomed ship sank did Sir George permit rescue work to commence. There were shouts of fear and a scramble for the side,

when the great battleship, with a mighty shudder, rolled on her side and sank. The rescue boats were still hastening back to the wreck when she went down.

Three hundred and sixty men died in the *Victoria* sea tragedy. One of the casualties was Vice-Admiral Tryon, last seen standing passively as if in a trance. His final command was to order away a midshipman who had come and expressed concern for the Admiral.

The loss of the men and the flagship *Victoria* ranks today as one of the strangest and most tragic losses in British naval history—so tragic because it was so unnecessary. A court of inquiry was convened but the members confessed bafflement. They finally dissolved after stating that the commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean Squadron, "as a result of a temporary aberration, made a most inexplicable and fatal mistake for which he paid with his life."

Back in the drawing rooms of London, however, there was much whispering over glasses of sherry; and there were many animated conversations regarding the eerie phenomenon of the *Victoria*. Many persons in high places had seen Sir George Tryon in his own drawing room only a few hours after, and 1,500 miles away, from where his lifeless body floated under the waters of the Mediterranean.

SUMMONED TO HER MOTHER'S DEATHBED

Beeda Brown has always seemed to be one of those people who encounters unusual things and whose dreams invariably come true. Of all her experiences, one stands out most clearly in her mind as remarkable—the time her mother's dying prayers brought Mrs. Brown to her bedside for one final farewell.

It was on a Monday night, Valentine's Day of 1927. Beeda, her husband and small daughter were staying with her husband's sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mrs. J. R. Friend, in Weeksbury, Kentucky. Beeda was tired after the day's particular activities and decided against going to the movie with her husband and nephew.

She retired early, but awoke when her husband returned from the show. "What time is it?" she asked.

"It's 10:25," he replied. Mrs. Brown made a mental note of this figure, rolled over, and went back to sleep.

"It seemed as if I'd just turned over when I saw an old, old man with a long white beard dressed in a dark robe, standing by my bedside," Mrs. Brown recalls.

"There didn't seem to be any wall there, just the great outdoors. He looked down at me a moment, then he reached out his hand to me, saying, 'come.'"

She spoke not a word but placed her hand in his, rose from the bed, and went with him. She glanced down and noticed that her nightgown was gone. In its place was a flowing white robe. The night air was cool, but Beeda was oblivious to the cold. They were floating just above the tree tops, the sky was filled with stars, and below she could see the lights of towns.

After traveling like this for some time, Mrs. Brown noted they were coming closer to the ground, just barely skimming above the sidewalk of some town. Beeda cast a glance around, looking for an identifying building or street. She spied a large plateglass window with the word "Fordson" in large red letters. Immediately she knew where she was: the window was part of the mining company's store at Hardy, Kentucky. A few houses and turns later, they were going up the steps to her brother's house.

The porch was small and there was a swing obstructing what available space there was. Unavoidably, the two travelers brushed against it as they passed. It struck the wall of the house.

The old man opened the door slightly for Beeda and said "Enter." Then he disappeared.

Beeda stepped into the room and looked around. She could see her father, brother and sister-in-law. Her sister was standing near the stairway at the back side of the room, and her brother's five-year-old boy was sitting on the second step of the stair in his night-shirt. Several friends and neighbors were also in the

room, as well as a few people unknown to Mrs. Brown. She herself was standing at the foot of a bed that stood in a corner of the room by the front window. In the bed lay her mother, who opened her eyes and smiled at Beeda.

"Thank God," she said. "I knew you'd come."

Beeda wanted very much to talk to her, but even though she could see and hear everything in the room, she could not say a word. No one except her mother seemed able to see her.

"Beeda," her mother told her, "I wanted to see you so bad, that I asked God to send you before I die. Don't grieve, I'm going to rest. I'll be waiting for you."

The woman found the sudden energy to rise into a sitting position in her bed. "I'm so happy to see you. Always remember to ask God when you need help. He'll never fail you. Now I can die happy." With these words she fell back on the bed.

Mrs. Brown then noticed a man dressed in a brown overcoat and a brown hat. He went to her mother's bed, felt her pulse and pulled the sheet up over her head.

"She's dead," he said in a low voice. Mrs. Brown looked up at the clock and noted the time: 10:30.

The room dissolved into the confusion of the aftermath of a death. Beeda's brother was so close to her as he went out the door that she could have touched him.

People were crying; her sister fainted and was taken to the home of a neighbor where she was revived.

All at once Beeda saw her mother's body lying on something that looked like an ironing board, with two

men bending over it. Beeda became extremely agitated, though she did not know why.

The men were doing something to her mother's body; what, she could not see. Whatever it was, though, she knew she had to stop it. She attempted to jerk the arm of one man from her mother's body, but it was evident she could not be felt; she could not utter a sound. To her deep sadness, she was unable to arouse attention to herself and so restrain the men from doing whatever it was they were doing.

"Then I was back in bed at Weeksbury," Mrs. Brown recounted. "My husband's sister was washing my face and my husband had my head and shoulders in his arms. My nightgown was wet with sweat and my hair was damp with it. I was very cold and weak. First thing I asked was the time. It was 10:35."

Mrs. Brown immediately informed her husband and sister-in-law that her mother was dead; she had seen her die at 10:30.

No one believed her. She was told that she had just had a bad nightmare. Her husband said he had been sitting at the edge of the bed having a last cigarette before going to bed when she began to moan. Large drops of sweat had formed on her face and he called his sister to help him rouse her.

Mrs. Brown was convinced that her mother was dead and that word would come the following morning.

It was three days, however, before word came.

Thursday morning Beeda went to the post office and received a letter from her brother: "We tried to get you, Sis, before Mom died. She died Monday

night at 10:30 and we kept her as long as possible. We buried her this evening."

The letter was postmarked Wednesday.

The next morning as Beeda prepared to travel to Hardy—by more conventional means this time—she received a telegram from the post office.

It read: "Mom got pneumonia, not expected to live. Come at once."

There was no telegraph office at Weeksbury. "The wire had been sent from Williamson, West Virginia, to Pikeville, where for some reason it was delayed in mailing and arrived too late for me to see Mom alive."

When Beeda arrived in Hardy she found that her sister-in-law had cleaned the room completely, taking out the bed and rearranging the furniture. Before she would let them tell her anything, Beeda had them call in a neighbor whom she knew well and who had been present in her dream. She then related her remarkable experience, and, to verify it, told where everyone in the room had been seated or standing and how the furniture had been arranged.

When Mrs. Brown finished, her sister-in-law showed her two boards lying under the floor. Nailed together, they resembled a crude ironing board. The deceased woman had been prepared for burial in the house, and the boards had been used by the undertakers for the embalming.

Then Mrs. Brown was able to understand her reaction to the men. "Mom had a horror of being embalmed and once she'd made me promise that if I was present when she died, not to let her body be embalmed."

The mother had told those present that she would die happy if she could see Beeda once more. "She'd prayed all day that I'd come. My folks said that just before Mother died the swing had hit the wall hard and the door had opened slightly, although it was a clear frosty night and no breeze was stirring. My brother had closed the door just after Mom had died. They told me, too, that mother had died sitting up in bed smiling and talking while looking straight at the foot of the bed. They could catch a word here and there but thought she was delirious.

"Did my mother really see me in answer to her prayers? Did my soul leave my body to go out to meet the one who was ready to take flight so that she could die happy? I think so," concluded Mrs. Brown.

PSYCHIC DREAMS OR ASTRAL PROJECTION?

S. Ralph Harlow related the following two tales in the pages of *Fate*, September, 1969. Both involved the rather spectacular rescue of shipwrecked men who would surely have perished had not the *psi* factor intervened.

The first story came from a captain who was homeward bound from the South Pacific after a whaling expedition. One night this captain, after a particularly restless evening, decided to retire. His bedding became a tangle as he tossed and turned in fitful slumber, but while he slept a strange dream came to him.

In this dream the captain could see three shipwrecked sailors standing on the shore of an island, waving their arms for help. The captain recognized the island as one at which he had stopped for water. He awoke and resolved to put the dream from his mind.

The dream was persistent, though. The next night the captain lay down to sleep and was again visited by the three sailors waving for help on the island, and on the third night he had the same dream again.

Finally, the captain informed his first mate that they were going to alter course and sail for the island in his dream. There was some grumbling amongst the men for this seemingly needless delay; they were eager to get home again.

The grumbling stopped two days later when the ship came in sight of the island. All hands were amazed to see three sailors on shore waving for help.

As the grateful men were picked up, each man on board said a silent prayer in hope that other crews would listen to their captains if such dreams should visit them. One never knows who the next shipwrecked sailor is going to be.

The other experience was that of Captain Charles S. Thurber.

Captain Thurber remembers having a remarkable dream in which he saw a group of men standing up in the water and waving to him for help. Above their heads, written clearly in the sky, he was able to read a longitude and latitude reading. Captain Thurber, too, changed the course of his ship and headed for the bearings given in his dream.

The captain's new course was miles off the scheduled path of the ship, but again all hands were glad their captain had "followed his dream" when, as they approached the position given in the dream, they saw several shipwrecked sailors apparently standing in the ocean. As the ship pulled up nearer, they saw that sailors were actually standing on a large raft, but their weight kept it beneath the surface of the water.

A few more hours, and all would have assuredly perished. They were British sailors whose ship had

sunk, and between them they had managed to put together the raft upon which they were found.

Captain Thurber was rewarded with an engraved gold watch as a gift of thanks from the British government.

SHE SAW THE MURDER OF HER DAUGHTER

Mrs. Sarah Burton woke up in the middle of the night, terrified. She fumbled for a match, lit the lamp, struggled with the thoughts running through her head. Mrs. Burton had just had a dream of startling clarity, involving her daughter Lizzie, Mrs. James Lowell, who lived in Lewiston, Maine.

In the morning, still unable to get the dream from her mind, Mrs. Burton wrote to a friend in Lewiston, explaining the details of this dream.

Mrs. Burton dreamed that she was on a road in the neighborhood of Lewiston. She heard a voice saying, "There are mills around here," and she turned in the direction of the voice.

As she was looking around, her eyes suddenly lit on her daughter Lizzie Lowell, riding in a wagon with her husband Jim. Jim was driving the horse along a road that bordered a river. As Mrs. Burton watched, Jim turned directly into a by-road, a sort of pasture road, then she lost sight of them for a time.

When next she saw them, Lizzie was on the ground begging Jim for her life. With a clutch of terror at her

heart, Mrs. Burton rushed forward just as Jim was raising his hand. Then a fog intervened and she saw nothing more.

Subsequently, Mrs. Burton received letters from her daughter, but the mother was haunted by the vision of Lizzie lying on the ground under the pines. And she was highly suspicious of these alleged notes from her daughter.

At last she had to satisfy herself that Lizzie was all right, and she traveled to Lewiston.

Lizzie Lowell was nowhere around. When Mrs. Burton questioned Jim, her son-in-law, he said that she was in another town and had been seen by a man only recently.

Jim's vagueness and the strong impression left by her dream caused Mrs. Burton to go next to the city marshal. The marshal saw no reason to instigate a costly and time-consuming search on the mere basis of an old woman's dream, and so dismissed her. Her attempts to initiate an investigation were a failure.

In October of 1873, more than three years later, a farmer named Small was collecting fallen wood in a section of Lewiston where the pines grew near the river, just off an old country road. He spied an especially good log and happily went in to fetch it.

He was struggling with this log when he noticed something strange in a nearby pine thicket. Small squinted and saw what looked to be a row of buttons: he decided to investigate.

Over in the thicket, he began pulling away the protective layer of pine needles, then suddenly stopped in horror: he had uncovered a human skeleton with shreds of rotten clothing still clinging to it.

Farmer Small lost no time getting back to town, where he made his excited report to the same city marshal who had discredited Mrs. Sarah Burton's dream some three years earlier.

The body in the pines was carefully recovered. At length it was identified as that of Lizzie Lowell.

On October 17, 1873, Jim Lowell was handed a copy of the *Boston Journal*, in which a full account of the finding of his wife's body had been written. A man whose wife had been missing for three years without his mentioning it pointed the finger of accusation in the obvious direction of himself. Jim Lowell was arrested.

In an unprecedented nine-day trial, he was found guilty of the murder of his wife Lizzie and sentenced to hang. But Lowell had a good lawyer who managed to commute the death sentence to life imprisonment.

Twenty-five years later, Jim Lowell was pardoned. Throughout the trial he had claimed that he had not killed his wife outright; the horse had bucked her, he declared, so he had buried her body for fear of being considered guilty of a crime he insisted he did not commit. Since there had been no witnesses to the incident, Lowell was given the benefit of the doubt and pardoned.

But there had been a witness. A sleeping mother, miles away, had seen her daughter killed; and, through a dream, she was able to describe the place where the daughter's body lay.

Dreams, out-of-body projections, other psychic faculties, are not normally admissible evidence in a court of law. Perhaps we may yet see the day when careful consideration can be given to information received through the sixth sense.

"TELL THEM I'M NOT DEAD!"

Dr. Harry M. Archer was a surgeon and a medical officer in New York City around the turn of the century. For a period of more than thirty years, this remarkable man was on the scene of every major fire in the city, rendering assistance to injured firemen and fire victims. In 1912 he was awarded the Fire Department Medal in appreciation of his services; and finally received the most coveted award of all, the James Gordon Bennett Medal.

Frank B. Copley, a writer, decided that Dr. Archer would make a good article for a feature magazine; and in the August 8, 1925, issue of *Collier's* magazine, Archer's many experiences and reminiscences were presented to the American public.

One of the most unusual memories in which the doctor shared was of a fire that took place in 1920. Dr. Archer did not attempt to explain what had happened, his only comment was that it "seemed to exhale an eerie suggestion of the supernatural."

It was 7:30, a cold Sunday night in the city, and a fire had been reported in a rag shop on New York's lower East Side. From an adjacent tenement, posi-

tioned on the fire escape, a group of firemen were training a water-hose into the blazing five-story structure next door. The fire escape was but a small distance from a third-floor window of the rag shop. At about 11:00 the lieutenant with the five firemen on the fire escape plus members of Engine Company 32, were ordered to take their hose into the building through the window across from them.

The order was a costly error: within a half hour after entering the doomed building, those outside heard a series of cracks and snaps followed by a tremendous roar. The interior of the building collapsed, burying the hapless men inside.

The lieutenant and two of his men were rescued immediately, with only slight injuries. A large contingent of firemen then organized an extensive search through the rubble and ruins, but hours later no trace of the missing men could still be found. By two o'clock in the morning it was decided there was little hope of finding the men alive and word was sent to the missing men's families telling them of the tragedy.

Dr. Archer was present to treat the injuries of the survivors and, as was customary for him, felt it his duty to remain until the last man had been recovered, dead or alive.

Shortly after 2:00 A.M. one of the firemen came to Dr. Archer, with a request. "It's Johnny Seufert's wife, doctor. She's out at the police line carrying on something dreadful. Do you think you could help her?"

Dr. Archer gave a quick nod of his head and went in search of the woman whose husband could only be dead by this time.

"Doctor," she cried when she saw him, "you've got to listen to me! They don't believe me, but I'm telling the truth.

"Just before the phone message came that Johnny was lost, Johnny *himself* came to me. I'm telling you . . . it's the truth . . . I saw him plain.

"He said, 'I'm away down in the ruins of a fallen building. There are tons of stuff over me. They think I'm dead, but I'm not. Tell them not to let up until they find me. *Tell them I'm not dead!*'

"Doctor, I tell you Johnny is *alive!* I know he is. Don't let them stop! They can get him out. They have to get him out!"

And Mrs. Seufert clung tenaciously to her ground until they did find her husband.

At 10:00 the following morning a body was found, crushed. It was not Johnny Seufert.

At 2:00 that afternoon another body was found. Again, it was not Suefert.

Each time a body was brought outside, Dr. Archer tried to convince Mrs. Seufert to go home. She was in an extremely agitated state and the sight of her husband's body, if it was finally recovered, would not be pleasant. But Mrs. Seufert steadfastly refused to move.

After a long search, firemen came upon a long piece of pipe sticking up through the debris. It was now thirty-six hours since the building had collapsed, but the men thought they heard a tapping on the pipe.

They listened for a moment, then picked up a pattern to the tapping: three taps—pause—two taps. Three—two—32! That was the number of Johnny Seufert's engine company.

The exhausted rescuers tore off their weariness by

rushing forward to this human need. The men listened once more as the signal was repeated. It was unmistakable.

Dr. Archer picked his way through the debris until he stood directly in front of the pipe. He placed his mouth over it and shouted, "Seufert, is that you?"

"Yes," came the barely audible reply.

"Are you all right?" Dr. Archer shouted again.

"You bet," came the answer. "I am now."

It was later learned that Seufert had fallen into a little hole. It was the pipe, with its twisted end, that had saved him, for the pipe had bent over in the collapse of the building, and as a consequence, no debris had been able to suffocate the trapped man below. The pipe had kept Seufert supplied with air and had saved his life.

It took two hours to free him, but finally rescued from the debris, Seufert fell into the arms of his wife. Miraculously, Seufert was little injured, his largest discomfort coming from the cramping of his legs.

Dr. Archer gave him a quick examination, then asked about the story Mrs. Seufert had told, about Johnny projecting to her. How had he managed to leave his body and appear before his wife miles away from the scene of his entombment?

Johnny Seufert recalled no conscious effort to leave his body. "All I could think of," he answered, "was my wife—and that for some reason I was still alive."

I SAVED MY SON'S LIFE

"Times were hard in 1926," begins Edyth Elizabeth Jonze, in her narrative of perhaps the most unusual experience of her life (*Fate*, January, 1963). "Families in our neighborhood, in Denver, Colorado, were living a hand-to-mouth existence."

Faced with the economic situation, many boys approaching manhood felt the need to find jobs, and either help by becoming self-supporting, or help by adding to their father's wages. Mrs. Jonze's son Elmore, sixteen, determined to get a job.

"Elmore had hunted work around Denver for months," Mrs. Jonze recalls. "He felt that he should be working and helping his Dad take care of our large family. Finally, I guess he couldn't stand it any longer, because one day he went job-hunting as usual, but he didn't come home."

The loss of their son was a severe blow to the Jonzes. Mrs. Jonze noted that scarcely a night or a day went by without them praying for the safe return of Elmore. The days passed, and no word was sent to them. They did not know if he were dead or alive.

"I thought of a thousand possibilities," Mrs. Jonze wrote. "I prayed to hear from him until my every breath was a prayer. But the weeks grew into months . . . a year . . . sixteen months passed. Still I hadn't heard a word."

Such was the state of affairs when Mrs. Jonze lay down one night and had her most unusual dream. "Still, it did not seem like a dream. It was too real, too vivid to be a dream."

According to this dream, Mrs. Jonze found herself being awakened from a rare, deep sleep by the sound of loud knocking on the back door. She got out of bed, fastened her bathrobe about her, and made her still-groggy way through to the kitchen. She opened the door and saw a young black boy standing there shivering with the cold. Before she could say a word, her visitor spoke: "Boy sick . . . come quick!"

Without questioning him, Mrs. Jonze motioned the boy to come inside. While he waited, she rushed to gather all of the sheets and bath towels in the house. All thought of sleep fled as she piled this linen collection into two huge bundles. She took one and the boy took the other.

They threw the bundles over their backs and walked into the night. Mrs. Jonze specifically remembers closing the door quietly behind her, so as not to awaken her husband and children, and then carefully closing the gate so the dog would not follow her. Then, with the boy leading the way, they started to walk "quickly and with a gliding motion."

They hurried through the streets until they reached open country, then "we fairly skimmed over the roads, up hill, down hill so fast we seemed to fly."

They climbed mountains and crossed them "as if with wings," then just as quickly they descended. "We crossed rivers as if we stood on tiny canoes that scooted us across the water without getting even our feet wet," Mrs. Jonze explained.

They seemed to travel for hours—through mountains, open country, forests. Never once did they halt for drink or food, but kept forward relentlessly.

Mrs. Jonze found herself looking down upon country she had never seen before but had read about in books. "The trees were large," she recalled. "From the wide-spreading branches festoons of gray moss hung like shimmering veils. The road wound up and down, over hummocks and through swamps. Finally, we came to a long, low building."

"Boy here," Mrs. Jonze's guide said. Then he preceded her up a short, steep stairway covered with dust and cobwebs.

They entered a windowless room, lit only by the light from the cracks between the clapboard walls and broken places in the roof. The place was permeated with a moldy, damp smell.

"Oh, Mother!" Mrs. Jonze heard a voice cry faintly. "You've come!"

With a start Mrs. Jonze rushed forward to find her son lying on the bare floor in a far corner of the attic. She fell to her knees clutching her missing son to her breast, noting with alarm that his body was burning hot; his face dry and parched from fever.

"Oh, Mother," Elmore moaned. "I'm so sick; I'm so sick with fever."

Mrs. Jonze lost no time. She turned to the lad who

had brought her there to ask him to bring buckets and buckets of cold water—and quickly.

Mrs. Jonze got busy gathering refuse from the floor which she wrapped into a pallet on the floor, then she spread a cool clean sheet over it. Although Elmore was a full-grown lad, she lifted him like a baby to settle him onto her hastily constructed bed.

By this time Elmore's friend had returned with the water. The mother dipped the towels and sheets one by one into the cold water, wrung them out lightly and packed them around her son's burning body. Repeatedly dipping the hot, steaming sheets into the cold water, she rewrapped them around the feverish body of her son.

Hours later Mrs. Jonze finally relaxed, knowing that the fever had broken. She could tell by the cool feel of the sheets that the worst of the illness was over.

"Go to sleep, son," she said, "you'll get well now."

Without saying a word, Elmore drifted immediately into a deep sleep. Mrs. Jonze sat beside him holding his hand, until she, too, slept.

"I awoke in my own bed," she reported, "tired and exhausted, every bone in my body aching. I was so weary that when I tried to get up I couldn't move. Again and again I made an effort to get out of bed, but I was too exhausted to lift my head from the pillow."

Mrs. Jonze called her husband to tell him how completely enervated she was, explained the only reason she could think of—her night's experience.

"Don't tell me it was a nightmare," she said to her

husband. "I really was there with Elmore. He's sick; I know it. Maybe he's dying, and it's a long, long way from here."

"Stay in bed and rest, dear," Mr. Jonze said. "The girls will help with the breakfast and the work."

Mrs. Jonze remained in bed for three days, unable to move; it was a week before she could return to her normal chores.

It was several months before the Jonzes received the following telegram: "Come quickly. Your son frozen—possible amputation."

With borrowed money, the next day Mrs. Jonze was on a train to the little mountain town where her son lay. He suffered amputation, both his feet, but he finally recovered to health.

One day, as Mrs. Jonze and Elmore were talking, she remembered that night she had dreamt of the Negro boy who came knocking at her door, and proceeded to tell him about her "dream." But when she reached the part about entering the rundown attic room, he interrupted her.

"Let me finish, Mother," he said. "First of all, I want to tell about that boy. His name is George Washington, but I called him Jo-Jo. I know it was he. You see, he saved my life once—no, I guess it was twice, wasn't it?"

The first time Elmore saw Jo-Jo, he had been eating a plate of beans in a cheap restaurant. Glancing up, Elmore had seen a boy watching him through the window with such a hungry look on his face that Elmore could not bear it.

With a bit of money he had earned, Elmore mo-

tioned the boy to come inside. He ordered a plate of beans for Jo-Jo, then left to find some boxcar that could carry him further to look for work.

Elmore took his time finding a likely boxcar, then, just before the train was scheduled to leave, he got inside and found an empty corner. Unknown to him, Jo-Jo was in another corner of the same car.

"Two tough-looking hoboes climbed in," Elmore told his mother. "They looked me over, then asked for my money, my shoes, and the coat I was wearing."

Suddenly Jo-Jo jumped out of the corner, an open knife in his hand.

"Leave boy alone," he snarled. "Hurt him and I cut out your heart!"

"Believe me," Elmore chuckled, "they did let me alone."

"Later Jo-Jo asked me to travel south with him where it was warmer . . . so I teamed up with Jo-Jo."

The two boys got to Florida and were there when one of the devastating hurricanes that periodically rip into the coast hit that Southern state. Standing on a beach watching the waves pound against the bank, suddenly a huge wave reared up and crashed down on them, sweeping them off their feet. Another wave hit, and they were now at the mercy of the stormy sea.

"Somehow Jo-Jo got hold of me and pulled me onto the bank where I grabbed hold of a branch or something," Elmore said. "Just as I turned to see how Jo-Jo was making it, another wave swept him out to sea . . . I never saw him again. . . ."

Elmore, apparently, had suffered exposure, for he was found sick, wet, and shivering, and was quickly

brought to the county hospital where he spent most of the time unconscious. Occasionally he did come to, realize he was in a hospital, but so ill he might lose his life.

"My body felt like a furnace of hot coals," Elmore remembered. "But I did not want to die. I wanted you. Oh, Mother! When I could think, I prayed—or tried to pray that you would come . . . that somehow God would send you to me."

Then suddenly Elmore saw Jo-Jo standing at his bedside and managed to tell Jo-Jo to get his mother as fast as he could.

He fell into a groggy sleep, and sensed he was in some attic-like place lying on the bare floor. It was dingy and damp and smelly, and he was sicker than before. Then, before his relief-flooded eyes, Elmore saw Jo-Jo come into the room with his mother.

He was able to recount to Mrs. Jonze all that she had done to save him and how Jo-Jo had helped her. Finally he heard his mother tell him to sleep, and he fell into the sweet oblivion of slumber. He awoke in a hospital where a nurse stood taking his pulse.

Mrs. Jonze and her son compared the dates of their two experiences and found them to be the same. The night that Mrs. Jonze had had her strange "dream" was the night that Elmore passed the critical stage of his illness, for he woke up that morning with a normal temperature.

"To the day of his death, three years later," Mrs. Jonze concluded, "Elmore always insisted that somehow or somehow I actually had been with him that night he was so near death . . . and that somehow or somehow Jo-Jo had come from Beyond and brought me."

SHE LIVED TWO DAYS IN ONE

In 1953 Mrs. Ted Stoeckel worked as a cook in a restaurant. Her schedule was a tight one, requiring her to rise every morning at 6:00 if she wanted any breakfast herself before she started cooking it for everyone else.

During the tourist season the workload always increased to such a point that the days seemed to stretch into weeks. Mrs. Stoeckel was always so exhausted when she came home that all she felt like doing was falling into a deep weary sleep.

The combination of work and three children soon conspired against the housework, and Mrs. Stoeckel, a conscientious housekeeper, would wince every time she saw the laundry piling up, the dust gathering, the floors losing their shine. She began praying for a day off to catch up with her housework and get the extra rest her body was demanding.

On Wednesday, one night in August, Mrs. Stoeckel went to bed at 10:30. She was especially tired and worried about getting up on time in the morning. Before turning out the light, she checked and rechecked

her alarm clock to make sure it would go off at the right time.

Thursday morning she awoke and looked at her clock: 7:15! She was an hour and fifteen minutes late. The alarm had not gone off.

Mrs. Stoeckel dressed slowly, wondering what to do. At once she decided this must be the day for which she had been praying. This must be the day to catch up on her housework, and if that meant losing her job, Mrs. Stoeckel decided, then such it was meant to be.

First she went to work on the bathroom, scrubbing all the fixtures until they were bright and shiny. Next she attacked the kitchen with its dishes, cupboards, and floors—all to be cleaned. Finally Mrs. Stoeckel tackled the dining room, where a bundle of ironing awaited her. She dusted, scrubbed, waxed, folded clothes, until she could say with satisfaction that her house was clean.

Suddenly, the alarm went off.

With an abrupt feeling of fear, Mrs. Stoeckel headed for the alarm clock. *It was 6:00!*

She looked in on her children and saw they were still sleeping. She shook her oldest boy awake and asked him "What day is it?"

"Why, it's Thursday, of course," the boy replied sleepily.

Mrs. Stoeckel was stunned. How could it be Thursday when she had just lived Thursday? Then, as she thought back, it occurred to her that time had seemed not to exist. She had forgotten the children, had required no food, and did not feel tired.

She got her son to rise and help the younger chil-

dren, while she changed into her work clothes. The evidence of her non-existent day's work was everywhere around her. Somehow, she had projected herself through time, and lived two days in one.

A SOLDIER'S OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE

In 1942 the First Marine Division, reinforced, was ashore on Guadalcanal digging in at Henderson Field against the mounting Japanese attacks on the perimeter. They had been under unusually heavy fire for several days—prior to Sgt. Ted Snowden's strange experience. During the worst of the bombardment the ground shook like an earthquake, and the Marines were bruised from the vibrations that rattled them from side to side in their foxholes, "like dice in a cup."

"At night these ships [battleships with 14-inch guns and several lesser warships] shelled us and we'd pray for daylight," wrote Sgt. Snowden (*Fate*, November-December, 1951). "When daylight came the Jap planes bombed us and we'd pray for night again. The rare times when the bombers didn't come and ships were silent there was an artillery piece we called 'Pistol Pete' perched on a hill not far away that took potshots at us."

Despite this heavy shelling, little damage was done. All the important equipment was kept well-hidden in the jungle, and often when an American plane landed

for refueling, this was successfully carried out in the face of an attack.

During this particular day things had been relatively quiet. Aircraft damaged in the attack of the previous night was repaired, and an air-raid alarm in the morning produced little damage.

Pistol Pete took its daily exercise, opening up fire here and there, but not seriously affecting the airfield. The Japanese gun was a howitzer, firing a high-trajectory low-velocity shell, and was more of a nuisance than a serious threat: it rarely hit anything. Since it traveled so high up into the air to get to where it was going, it could always be heard, and the soldiers would simply hit the ground, hoping it would land far away.

By nightfall the men were secure in the foxholes—they had newly dug during the day. Danger from falling trees the night before had caused command to move the foxholes from the forest onto a grassy meadow. The moon was full, shining with unpretentious simplicity down on the embattled men below her.

As the men talked, the whee-whee-whee-whee of the howitzer informed them that Pistol Pete was at them again. A shell exploded one hundred yards from the foxholes, and some of the men grew apprehensive. *It was too close.*

Sgt. Snowden had thought perhaps he could get some sleep that night, but Pistol Pete had other plans. Having registered on target, Pistol Pete proceeded to attack the Americans in their foxholes.

"The shells came in regularly," Snowden recalls, "about a minute apart, and ranged all through our

foxholes. There was time after each explosion to rise up and see where it had hit. There were shallow craters about eight feet across appearing all over our meadow, some quite close to the foxholes. . . . I felt apprehensive. Pistol Pete had never looked that good before."

As Sgt. Snowden began to relax in his foxhole, he heard the whee-whee-whee-whee and knew, suddenly, that the shell could not get any closer.

"This is it!" he thought to himself.

The shell came screaming toward him, louder and louder—until the sound engulfed him.

He heard the thud into the left side of his foxhole, then, suddenly, "without knowing how or why it happened—I, or some part of me—was standing in the moon-shade of a large tree watching my foxhole. The outline of my helmet and body was plainly visible to me as I, or this *other* part of me, stood there waiting for the explosion to wipe the picture away. I remember the bright moonlight, the pattern of our foxholes, and the fresh over-pattern of the shell scars. I saw this by impression only, as I didn't take my eyes off my body. I remember anticipation, but mainly I felt calm—a calm such as I had never known before. It was a calmness that nothing could shake."

Snowden saw the white blast of heat and the red core of the explosion. His foxhole erupted and widened to the crater of a shell-hole. He was able to view the entire scene from a distance of about thirty yards, and though he saw it, he neither heard the blast nor felt the heat.

"The next thing I knew I was back with my body again, lying on my left side, facing what had been the

side of the foxhole but was now only a loose rubble of smoking, hot clods of dirt," records Snowden.

He was completely exposed except for his back which was pressed against what remained of the other side of the foxhole.

Miraculously, he had escaped injury. He made a quick check of legs, arms, back, and felt nothing unusual except a "whirring sensation in the top of my head and a feeling of being cramped for space inside my body."

This restricted feeling, by comparison, reminded him of the lightness and freedom he had felt while standing outside of his body. Other than that he was normal.

"My God, they got Snowden!" he heard a voice shout.

"Like hell they did!" he responded, without moving. "You men keep your heads down!"

As if to complete the bizarre experience, Snowden never heard another shell that night, although it was a matter of record that one of the men caught a splinter in his chest and lung and was evacuated the next day. But Snowden never moved his foxhole shell-hole, and slept peacefully the rest of the night.

"I still do not understand this incredible experience," Snowden concludes, "but I do know it has removed all fear of dying from my mind. I believe death, or transition, is accomplished with far greater ease than the opening of a door into another room."

ADVICE FROM AN ASTRAL "PARK KEEPER"

"What do you think of astral projection?" Margaret Newby was asked by a friend.

"I think the whole idea is too silly for words," she replied.

Margaret's friend raised an eyebrow at her words. "One day you'll eat those words," he told her, little knowing that his prophecy would be fulfilled within twenty-four hours.

That night, March 25, 1945, Margaret went to bed in a state of confusion. Her personal affairs had reached a critical stage and she was badly in need of advice.

"I could see no means of retrieving a rapidly deteriorating situation," she admitted. "I had no choice but to admit to myself that I had undertaken a task beyond my powers, though I was not prepared to admit as much to the world."

Margaret stayed awake almost all night pondering her problems, but coming up with no real solutions. Finally she fell into a fitful slumber. She woke up sometime before dawn; for a time feeling at peace

with herself. Then the old thoughts crowded in and she was once more concerned.

As Margaret became aware of her surroundings, she realized that she was awake—but in a different body, in a different world. She was so out of alignment with herself, that she lay, quite literally, beside herself. She made the startling realization that, although she was awake, her physical body was still asleep.

"Often in the past I had been conscious of dreaming," Margaret commented; "I had even amused myself by practicing levitation knowing that my dream body could come to no harm. But I had never before experienced this complete continuity of consciousness between waking and dreaming life. Nor was I aware of two bodies; the one lying inert while the real me occupied a body of a different texture."

Margaret Newby reported that she cautiously rose to her feet; or, rather, that no sooner had she thought of it, than she found herself standing in the center of the room. She knew that she was having an out-of-body experience—despite her comments only hours earlier—and she was filled with a strong sense of urgency.

She had no idea how she had managed to project herself out of her body, but she felt it imperative to make the most of an opportunity that might never come her way again. "For a moment I was too overwhelmed by the realization that I was freed from physical limitations to think of something I specially wanted to do—but only for a moment."

Instantly she decided upon a course of action. She would go out on the street and ask the advice of the

first man she met. She had no idea if she would meet an other-worldly being, or merely another "sleep-walker" like herself. She was in urgent need of advice, though, and prepared to accept it from anyone.

This idea was scarcely completed in her mind before she found herself passing directly though the bedroom door.

When she reached the top of the stairs, she glanced down and noted that she was still only wearing her nightgown. An attempt to think herself into street clothes produced no results. She could not consider wasting the time to return for such an unimportant detail as changing clothes, and she resolved to walk abroad in her nightclothes.

She found the simple matter of walking down stairs a somewhat amusing problem. She seemed not to have sufficient command of her light-as-air body to fly down the stairs, and since her body was not subject to the usual laws of gravity she could not walk down in the usual manner.

She finally effected a way of walking down very slowly, pausing on each step. Otherwise, her feet would slide out from under her, "leaving [her] suspended in mid-air until [she] floated gently down again."

Eventually she arrived at the front door, but the business of getting downstairs had been so arduous that she completely forgot how unnecessary it was to open doors. She carefully lifted the latch and closed the door behind her.

Once outside, Margaret Newby proceeded down the street. She encountered no one: no man, no

woman, no child. She wondered if travelers on the astral were invisible to each other, or if she were the only person up so early.

At the corner of the avenue she met with an unexpected sight. Instead of the crossroads she was accustomed to seeing there, she saw an entrance to a spacious park.

"The heavy wrought-iron gates stood wide open," Margaret said, "and through them I saw, some distance away, a vast bank of massed white rhododendrons, the first rays of the sun opening out behind—a glorious spectacle. Women and children streamed in single file through the gates. All were strangely silent as though, roused at early dawn for a journey, they were only half awake."

Margaret looked around for a man but did not see one. Before entering the gates she hesitated, fearing that they were the Gates of Heaven, and if she passed through them she would never be able to return to her physical body.

As she stood debating, however, she found herself inside the park, fully clothed. A man dressed in the uniform and cap of a park keeper stood silently at her left side. Neither exchanged glances with the other, and Margaret wondered if he had been sent to tell her she had died in her sleep.

She considered returning home to see if her physical body still breathed, then she remembered in time that such an action might cause her to be drawn prematurely back into her body, causing her to forfeit her rare experience.

With remarkable practicality Margaret decided that if she were dead she would know it soon enough,

without returning to her body, and, besides, the park offered many possibilities just waiting to be explored. Yet, at the same time, she felt a strong desire to return to the physical world long enough to clear up the difficulty into which she had landed herself. She could not feel completely content in a new setting without finishing the work she had left behind.

Margaret, all of these problems having been resolved in her mind, turned to the park keeper standing next to her to assure him that she had already faced the possibility of physical death. However, he spoke first.

"You know," he said, "you are going downhill."

With a start Margaret realized she was talking to the man of whom she had been in search, and that he knew all about her problems. "I know that," she answered; then added, "but what can I do?"

"The best way to go downhill is to go fast," he replied.

He said no more, but with a deep sense of relief, Margaret knew that she had been given the answer. Now she could return to her body and continue with her life.

"So eager was I to be off, that before I could express my enthusiastic, grateful thanks, I was once more in bed in the half-light of dawn."

Back in the physical body, Margaret realized that the park keeper had advised her to throw away her pride and admit defeat without any further waste of time, or "go downhill fast."

Her business in getting her life straightened out consumed her time, but not so completely that she could not ponder the remarkable experience she had

undergone. She compared notes with other "travelers" and found that her experience tallied with theirs.

For awhile she was concerned that she had not seen her "silver cord," until she realized that she had not seen it because she had never turned around to notice it. Had she done so, she might, too, have been able to see the famed connecting cord between the physical and the spirit bodies.

There was more to ponder, though, than the business about the silver cord. What of the counselor in the humble guise of park keeper?

Margaret addressed herself with the question: "Was he one of those dream images projected by the unconscious mind to help us to help ourselves? Or was he a being who had responded to my urgent call for help? To that riddle I have not found the final answer."

ASTRAL FLIGHT FROM A DOOMED TRAIN

William McFarland Campbell was a traveling insurance man for more than thirty years with the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends. In his position of Grand Organizer he traveled from coast to coast from his home base of Hamilton, Ontario.

In 1910, Campbell was ready to retire when a boom hit the northern Ontario town of Sudbury. Nickel had been discovered in large quantities and people from all walks of life were migrating to the little Canadian town. A man with the experience and years of service of William Campbell was needed there to represent the insurance company. Consequently on the eve of his retirement, Campbell found himself waiting for the train to take him to Sudbury.

The train arrived and the passengers made the half-block walk to the platform. With their grips in hand they swung aboard the train with little knowledge of what was in store for them. It was January 21, 1910. Train Number 17 had been on time and was on its way to Sudbury.

There are no records of the accident, so it is as-

sumed that a rail was broken at a point north of Toronto on the Soo Branch of the track where the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the Spanish River at the eastern approach to an iron bridge. No one knows for certain, but that is the most likely explanation.

Before the engineer had even realized it, the first-class car was off the tracks, plummeting down to the icy river below. With it came the dining car and the sleeping car, both pulled inexorably along. These cars pulled the second-class car with them, and then car after wooden car toppled over the embankment into the icy gorge below. As the cars tumbled over and over into the river, the ice gouged enormous holes in them, leaving splintered wood and panic scattered across the wintry scene.

That night Mary Campbell sat up late, waiting for her husband to come home. The clock on the mantel struck 10:00 and she folded the last bit of sewing she had been working on and put it in her basket. In another hour, Will would be home.

At eleven o'clock Mary turned up the gas lamp and rested her feet on the stool by her chair. As she waited, she heard the sound of a taxi coming down the street. It turned on Grant Avenue and slowly passed the houses of her neighbors. She heard it stop at her door and the driver call out "Good night."

It was Will's unmistakable step on the porch. Mary came forward, opened the door and greeted her husband.

His hat was pulled down low over his eyes, and his face was averted from her. When Mary finally saw his face a shriek of horror escaped her mouth.

Will's face was transparent; his eyes two glowing

coals. He was struggling to speak, but could only manage a gurgle. . . .

Mary's frightened cries awakened her neighbors and brought them to her aid. She was huddled on the floor when they found her, in an advanced state of shock. The telephone was ringing, bringing news of the wreck.

The following morning Mary managed to blurt out her story to her attendant physician Dr. John Bell. Dr. Bell nodded in sympathy and said that he understood.

"Sometimes, when we have lived our lives together we become so attached that we can recognize immediately when danger is at hand. Some believe that the aura surrounding a person is able to transmit thoughts or warnings," he explained.

After he had administered a sedative to Mary and saw that it had taken hold, he prepared to leave. He did not consider for one moment that Will could actually have appeared to Mary.

As he was leaving the house, however, he saw Will's hat on the hat-rack in the hallway. He picked it up, feeling a sudden burden of sorrow.

"Poor Will, he'll never wear this again." He thought for several minutes about the fine man who had passed on, and what a terrible blow it was to his wife.

Then he turned the hat over in his hand and his eyes lit upon the pink slip in the hatband. He read the ticket to himself and his face turned ashen gray. No matter how many times he blinked and re-read the ticket, it still said train Number 17, First-class return, Sudbury, January 21, 1910.

How could a dead man ride home on a train that did not return?

The train had been derailed before it had even reached Sudbury. Can a ghost man ride on a ghost train?

There was no answer to this stunning enigma but they were all glad when William Campbell arrived safely home on the wrecker the next day.

Will had been in the car that struck the bridge and had started to burn. His body had been thrown out of the car into below-zero weather.

Campbell was able to render assistance to other injured passengers, and he finally was returned home to his grateful wife. He, too, was nonplussed by the story his wife told, and he was amazed at the mute evidence of the return ticket stub.

WHEN DEATH BECOMES A TRIAL RUN

Dr. Robert Crookhall is the author of such classic works on out-of-body travel as *The Study and Practice of Astral Projection* and *More Astral Projections*. In the former, he relates a true story of a Russian, who, prior to his experience, had rejected any idea of an afterlife.

The man recalled a feeling of dizziness during a hospital stay. He managed to call for a doctor before becoming aware of a "certain state of division" within himself. He still felt conscious of his body, while, at the same time, experiencing a curious detachment from it. After a few minutes, it even seemed as if he had lost all capability of feeling physical sensations.

"It seemed as if two beings were manifesting in me: one, and the main part of me, concealed somewhere deep within; the other, my body, external and less significant."

The subject felt the "main part" of himself being drawn somewhere with irresistible force. He felt as if he were being pulled back to an earth that was reclaiming that which it had allowed him to use for a

brief period of time. In the midst of this confusing sensation he knew with utter conviction that his essential self would not disappear.

He observed what appeared to be the entire medical staff surrounding his bed. The "main part" of himself sat up and moved forward.

Looking back, he could see his physical shell lying there on the bed. On an impulse he reached to grasp the hand of his body, but his spirit went right through it.

"Struck by this strange phenomenon, I wanted someone to help me understand what was happening," he recalled.

He tried to call the doctor, but the air did not seem to transmit the sound waves of his voice. He tried every means he could think of to make his presence known, but all to no avail. The medical staff remained unaware of his real self.

The man puzzled over his condition. Was he dead?

For him such an explanation was inconceivable, for death to him meant the cessation of life; and he had not lost consciousness for even one moment. He was as aware of himself as he had always been. He could hear, smell, see, hear—and think.

Even when the doctor declared: "It is all over," the perplexed Russian refused to accept the idea of his death.

One of the nurses turned to an icon in the room and prayed for peace for his soul. These words had scarcely left the nurses' mouth when the man found two angels at his side.

"They picked me up by the arms . . . carried me

right through the wall into the street. We began to ascend quickly."

At this point he began to notice certain remarkable assets of life in the spirit body. Although it was very dark outside he saw everything clearly. Furthermore, he was able to see a much greater expanse than he would have from the perspective of physical vision.

In the midst of the ascent they were all at once overtaken by a "throng of hideous beings, evil spirits" which endeavored to snatch him from the angels.

Forswearing a life of atheism, the Russian earnestly prayed for deliverance. To his astonishment his call was answered, for there suddenly appeared a "white mist which concealed the ugly spirits."

Their ascent then continued, until it was abruptly halted by an intense light which appeared before them. A voice, issuing from the light, thundered: "Not ready!"

At once, the angels began to descend, the Russian still held in their arms.

"I did not understand the real sense of the words . . . but soon the outlines of a city became visible . . . I saw the hospital . . . I was carried into a room completely unknown to me. In this room there stood a row of tables and on one of them, covered over, I saw my own dead body. My guardian angel pointed to my body and said 'Enter.'"

At once the man felt as though something were pressing on him. This was followed by a most uncomfortable sensation of cold. A feeling of ever-tightening constriction seized him, and, just as he lost consciousness, he experienced a great feeling of sadness "as though [he] had lost something."

When the man next regained consciousness he found himself back in the hospital ward.

The head physician was seated at his bedside, astounded by the medical miracle which the staff had just witnessed. Declared medically dead, they believed that the Russian had returned to life under the power of his own body—unattended by medical science.

“They failed to understand . . . but there is no doubting the veracity of that which I have written—my soul temporarily left my body and thereafter returned to it.”

THE AWE-INSPIRING, EYE-OPENING WORLD OF OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES

The people you will meet in this amazing yet completely authenticated volume represent a great variety of backgrounds and beliefs. But all have one thing in common. Each has traveled outside his or her own body, and brought back a vivid, factual report of that personal experience. Together they offer the most conclusive evidence ever assembled about the reality, nature, and fascinating possibilities of astral travel.

Whether you are a believer or not, prepare yourself for a journey into exciting adventures and consciousness-expanding enlightenment that may well change your life—just as astral travel has changed the lives of those whose stories are enthrallingly told on these pages.

FIRST TIME IN PAPERBACK

P O P U L A R



L I B R A R Y

Litho. in U. S. A.